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A MAN ON THE RUN is Mark McCormack, manager, merchandiser and media manipulator—and the most powerful man in pro sports. Ray Kennedy portrays him as he sprints through locker room and life.

[illegible]

Shopwalk

by PAT JORDAN

It is impossible to shake a personal philosophy. It has a way of sticking, like the residue from candied dates, to everything one touches. One's method of obtaining success in a vocation will invariably be the same in an avocation.

As a professional golfer during the '30s, Dennymore (Denny) Shute was noted for his bulldoglike tenacity. He was one of the greatest match players in the game and according to an opponent, "a mean, brutal fellow [on the links]... the toughest man in the world to beat in a game of golf." Born in Cleveland in 1904 and for years head pro at Akron's Portage Country Club, Shute was one of the PGA's top money winners in 1939 and 1932 (\$57,000 and \$55,000, respectively) and the last golfer to win the PGA Championship in consecutive years (1936-37). He attributed much of his golfing success to a personal philosophy that he summed up for a reporter in 1937: "I do my best and never let up. I learned never to take a chance."

Shute pursued his lifelong hobby, stamp collecting, with the same tenacity as golf. Through the purchase of thousands of beautiful copies of modestly priced 19th-century United States stamps (whose cost and date of purchase he recorded in careful script underneath each stamp), Shute painstakingly

HE NEVER GAMBLER FOR THE GREEN BUT PUT HIS STAMP ON TWO PROFESSIONS

accumulated a collection that, on his death last year, was valued at more than \$200,000 by William L. Roscher, vice-president of H. R. Harmer, Inc., the New York-based firm that will auction off the Shute collection May 6-8. Roscher described it as "one of the finest United States collections ever put up for sale."

For Shute, his hobby was the perfect respite from the mental and physical pressures of playing golf. It was a means of investing his golf earnings that was less risky than the stock market (the crash of '29 was fresh in his memory). But most important, he relished the competitiveness of philately.

What is amazing about Shute's collection is not that he amassed it, but that he amassed it despite his modest means and in competition with wealthy collectors whom he could never hope to match dollar for dollar. He encouraged that obstacle by acquiring more knowledge about cancellations, perfor-

rations, etc. than his competitors; by being more fastidious than most in his search for the finest copies of even the cheapest stamps; by his dogged, lifelong pursuit of stamps at every stop of the golf tour, and, finally, by limiting his collection for the most part to stamps within his financial range rather than angishing over expensive ones he might never acquire. His collection contains page after page of neatly mounted copies of choice stamps purchased for a few dollars that today are worth hundreds. If there is one deficiency in the Shute collection, which Roscher described as "a collector's collection, not a millionaire's collection," it is that Shute was unable to shake the philosophy that guided his golf game. He never did take a chance in acquiring major rarities, preferring to buy 20 stamps rather than one. Perusing all those perfect copies one senses that Shute was too cautious in the pursuit of his hobby; that his collection, despite its magnitude, never quite achieved the greatness it could have if only he had been able to take an occasional gamble. It is such a gamble that separates great athletes from merely good ones, and which makes Shute's collection only one of the finest U.S. collections ever formed rather than *the* finest U.S. collection ever, which it could have been. **END**

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

BUDDY RINGS A BELL—A SECOND LOOK AT THE FIRST BASEBALL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Locker-room confessions are all the rage these days. Athletes (with ghost-writers securely in tow) line up at every door along publishers' row, hopeful of peddling their "sell-it-like-it-is" harbingers for sums that rival those hauled in by Jerry Kramer and Jim Houston. Things have come to such a pretty pass that this spring we are being treated to books "by" Denny McLean and Joe Peppone, perhaps the most unlikely pair of authors since Zsa Zsa Gabor and Roma Harreri last set pens screeching across paper.

Instant Replay and *Bull Fow* were, and remain, the biggest moneymakers of the genre—and, by happy coincidence, two of the better sports books we have. A strong case can be made, however, that the best of the lot is the first—Jim Brosnan's *The Long Season*, which was published in 1960 and which has just been reissued by Harper & Row (\$8.95).

The release of the new edition is by any standard a happy occasion. *The Long Season* is the best account we have from the ballplayer's point of view of what it is like to play out the "long season" of baseball and is all the more valuable because the author

labored for a loser rather than a winner. The book clinches the point that Ring Lardner made half a century earlier: that, as Brosnan puts it, "ballplayers resent being scapegoats, symbols and story material rather than normal men with a little extra athletic talent."

That's not a bad passage: Brosnan wrote it. In fact, Brosnan wrote all of *The Long Season* during and after the 1959 season, which he began as long reliever for the St. Louis Cardinals and ended as a reliever and occasional starter for the Cincinnati Reds. He wrote it, as best as I can determine, not to make a fast buck but because it was in him to write—because words came as naturally to him as his slider, if not more so.

Fifteen years after its original publication, *The Long Season* is as much fun to read as

ever. Brosnan wrote under strictures of decorum that did not limit Brosnan, but his ballpark conversation is at least as funny without four-letter words as Boston's is with them. His acid portrait of Solly Hemus, the first of three managers he pitched for that year, is every bit as devastating as it was in 1960, and his roughly affectionate tribute to Fred Hutchinson, the last of the three, is all the more touching in light of our knowledge that Hutchinson was to die five years later after a bold fight against cancer. Even after Boston's hilarious comments on coaches, Brosnan's have lost none of their stinging coaches' even, he suggests, primarily to find "something to do besides count baseballs and peek their noses."

I can't leave this return visit to Brosnan's wonderful book without a bit of news. Reporting on Family Night at Crosley Field in 1959, Brosnan observes that "Gus Bell, a bank of poem virility the likes of which has seldom been seen in organized baseball, had seven Bell rings around him." Well, one of those little Belts, Buddy, is now a standout third baseman for the Cleveland Indians. Tempus sure does fugt. **END**



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May 1975

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FLEGG

AFTERSHOCK

Opening Day attendance figures don't really mean much. They temporarily cheer or sadden management, or they provide local sportswriters with something to speculate about on a slow day, but usually they say more about spring weather than they do about the state of the pastime.

Nevertheless, the following numbers from the San Francisco Bay Area caught the eye. Opening Day, World Champion Oakland A's, 17,477. Opening Day, San Francisco Giants, 17,649. Opening Day, San Jose Earthquakes, North American Soccer League, 18,347.

BELTING IT OUT

"It's pretty good, I was surprised," said Tom Bladen, Philadelphia Flyers defenseman. "It's amazing what they can do with all that electronic equipment," said Bobby Taylor, reserve goaltender. "It's the worst record I've ever heard," said Flyers Assistant Coach Barry Ashbee.

So ran the in-house reviews of Dave Schultz' new tune, *The Penalty Box*, which goes, in part:

*Love is like an ice hockey game—
sometimes it can be rough,*

*Girl you've got me so all aflame—
I never ever get enough.*

*You got me charged' and cookin',
holdin' and hookin',*

*Then you blow the whistle on me—
when you gonna let me go free?*

A Philadelphia newsman suggested that Schultz kept time by rhythmically punching the orchestra leader.

THE OLD COLLEGE CRUNCH

It is almost 10 years since Walter Byers saw a need for controlling the runaway costs of collegiate athletics. An NCAA study made under his direction revealed that in the decade preceding 1969 costs rose 112%. It is estimated they went up another 70% in the next five years, yet it was not until last January that the mem-

bership of the NCAA became sufficiently alarmed to act. It ordered another study.

This sounds like the old bureaucratic brush-off, but it isn't. Last week a special meeting of NCAA Council members, college presidents, faculty representatives and athletic directors approved changes in the NCAA bylaws that, if adopted by the next national convention, will radically alter college sport.

The list of changes is long, but the following samples underscore the seriousness of the situation as viewed by committee members: reduce the total number of grant-in-aid scholarships allowed a school from 340 to 186; limit football coaching staffs to eight (some are composed of as many as 15 or 16 full-time members); permit no full-time recruiters.

The NCAA machinery for converting proposal into law is cumbersome, and some of the delegates to the special meeting seemed resigned to a wait of at least a year before any of their suggestions would be adopted. But under the prodding of Dr. Robben W. Fleming, president of the University of Michigan—who warned in his quiet way that if the athletic departments did not act quickly the college presidents would—the meeting ended with a call for a special national convention early this August. The NCAA, at long last, is talking business about the business of college sport.

TORONTO TURKEY

It is doubtful that in all the long, shabby history of boxing there has ever been a more disgraceful show than the rip-off in Toronto's Maple Leaf Garden last week. George Foreman, blubbery at 232 pounds, took batting practice against five nondescript heavyweights weighing a total of 1,028 pounds. It was sold, at from \$5 to \$20 a head, as a fight. Yuk.

ON THE ROCKS

The three-year marriage of NBC and the NHL is foundering, and last week was a perfect example of why. NBC's contract calls for one televised game a week on

Sunday afternoon, and the one that NBC's audience was treated to last Sunday afternoon was the first of the Montreal-Buffalo Stanley Cup playoff series. What viewers could have seen, with a minimal amount of cooperation on the part of the NHL, was the final thrilling and historic game of the Penguin-Islander series, which was played Saturday night but, with NHL foresight, could have been scheduled for Sunday. The Islanders' victory capped a comeback from a three-game deficit, the first time that had happened since the Maple Leafs pulled it off in 1942.

"We've been had," was what NBC Executive Producer Scotty Connal had to say.

YOU CAN LOOK IT UP

When we last reported on the subject (SCORECARD, Dec. 2, 1974), ice hockey's earliest appearance was in the background of an etching by Frans Huys, dated between 1558 and 1561. Now, it seems, a 12th-century monk named Stephen, who wrote a life of Thomas à Becket for Henry II, beat Huys to it. Ste-



phen described a pond near the wall of London as follows:

"When it is frozen, many young men run over the ice. Some of them have bones tied to their feet and use a stick with a sharp end. They slide as quickly as a bird flying in the air or the arrow from a bow.

"Sometimes from two opposite points . . . two young men race at each other and one of them, or perhaps both, falls

continued

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Pontiac Grand Am	4-bbl. 480 V-8	13	18
Oldsmobile Cutlass	1-bbl. 250 Six	16	21
Oldsmobile Cutlass	4-bbl. 350 V-8	15	20
Buick Century	2-bbl. 231 V-6	16	24
Buick Regal	4-bbl. 350 V-6	13	20

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Oldsmobile Toronado	4-bbl. 455 V-8	11	16
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Oldsmobile 98	4-bbl. 455 V-8	12	16
Buick Electra	4-bbl. 455 V-8	11	15
Cadillac Seville*	Fuel Injection 350 V-8	13	19
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to the ground after beating each other with their sticks. Many of them incur head wounds and most of them break an arm or a leg. . . ."

Presumably, the puck was introduced later, perhaps when the goalie tired of having young men hurled at him.

BOSTON BOTTLENECK

The Boston Marathon has finally gotten out of hand. Last week the wonderful old event had a field of 2,078, plus scores of others who came along just for the run, trailing Will Rodgers to the finish line.

Boston Athletic Association officials had tried to keep the numbers down this year by requiring proof from each runner that he or she had completed within the previous year a "sanctioned" marathon in 3½ hours or less. To ease the BAA's clerical burden, the Honeywell Corporation volunteered the services of its \$7 million Multics computer system to prepare the huge entry list and print out reports of the results by age, sex, height, weight, state, country and club affiliation.

But the competitors and their friends and relations overran the little town of Hopkinton (pop. 5,981) where the race begins. Toilets and changing facilities were grossly overtaxed and pre-race physical exams were abbreviated, according to one participant, to "about four heartbeats apiece." Along the route the five official refreshment stations quickly ran out of paper cups and some, eventually, out of water and Gatorade. Runners were obliged to accept orange sections and unidentified liquids from well-wishers along the way.

But it was at the finish in downtown Boston that arrangements broke down badly. Four-fifths of the field, 1,847 runners, crossed the finish line in a span of one hour and 20 minutes. In one six-minute stretch at around the three-hour mark, 212 runners arrived at the line, and in order to have their numbers recorded, they had to stand in the finishing chute for as long as 20 minutes, hunched over in the cold wind like so many shivering recruits, waiting to be processed. Most didn't even learn their official times. The computer would work them out later, they were told.

The BAA is considering cutting the qualifying time for 1976 to three hours, which it believes would reduce the field to a manageable 1,200. However, it would also change the traditional char-

acter of the 79-year-old event from a wild and woolly open race to a highly competitive one restricted to serious runners.

The time for changes of some kind has arrived. The 1975 race was overly woolly, even for as tough a lot as marathon runners. But surely with sufficient planning the BAA could overcome its logistical problems, and the Boston Marathon, with its uniquely democratic format, could be preserved into its 80th year.

THREE-THOUSAND-MILE DASH

The fourth running of the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash No Rules Cross Country Race from the Red Ball Garage on East 31st Street in Manhattan to the Portofino Inn in Redondo Beach, Calif. was won last week by a Ferrari driven by Jack May and Rick Cline in record time—35 hours, 53 minutes. A pickup truck was second, a Dodge Challenger, third.

The Dodge, driven by writer Brock Yates and racer Steve Behr, finished in 38 hours, three minutes because 1) it got lost, 2) it left its food supply and naps on the floor of the Red Ball Garage and 3) it had to hide out for a time in a truck stop when it heard on its citizen-band radio that a Pennsylvania state trooper was alerting his colleagues to a speeding Dodge.

The winning time averages out to about 83 mph. Since the national speed limit is now 55, the race is obviously illegal, from sea to shining sea. But by a tortured sort of logic the entrants are able to maintain that theirs is an act of civil disobedience in the tradition of the Boston Tea Party. It is a protest, they claim, against the federal government's campaign to blame cars rather than bad drivers for accidents, which results, they say, in cars being made so heavy and cumbersome that they are no longer fun to drive. The contestants want to demonstrate that good drivers can drive safely even under conditions of great stress and that the government should concentrate on driver training.

And besides, it's fun.

GREENER PASTURES

When a blue-bred champion colt like Secretariat quits racing, he goes off to stud to make a fortune fathering overpriced foals. Nice for the likes of Secretariat. But roughly 35,000 thoroughbreds are born annually and only a few hundred of them are welcome in the

breeding sheds when their racing days are over.

Today more and more owners are seeking better fates than pet-food plants for the horses that have served them well. Mrs. Richard C. duPont, for instance, taught Kelso to hunt when he left the track for good in 1966. Kelso, 18, still chases foxes around the Vicmead Hunt Club in Middletown, Md. And after winning Amtree's Grand National in April, L'Escargot, age 12, has been retired from racing by owner Raymond Guest to serve as a saddle horse.

"Animals are unhappy unless they are working," theorizes Investment Broker Andy Hobbs, who raises thoroughbreds on a 100-acre farm in Greenville, Del. Hobbs owned Fan Jet, who won 21 races and \$138,555 before he was retired in 1970. In gratitude Hobbs turned Fan Jet out to pasture to live his last years grazing and sleeping and playing with other horses.

But Fan Jet hated it. He bit his playmates and cut his hide in daily attempts to bowl over fences. When the Wilmington Police Department called in January, inquiring about horses that might be available for its mounted unit, Hobbs volunteered Fan Jet.

Ordinarily, quarter horses, Morgans, Hanoverians and mixed breeds make the best police mounts, thoroughbreds being too spirited for city streets. But Fan Jet, after a few false starts, adapted to the new life and earned a place at the Philadelphia Police Academy's mounted school.

In a month or two, says Officer Richard Levin of the mounted training unit, Fan Jet will graduate and be sent back to Wilmington to work the streets. "He is frisky," Levin says, "but nothing bothers him." Nothing, that is, except unemployment.

THEY SAID IT

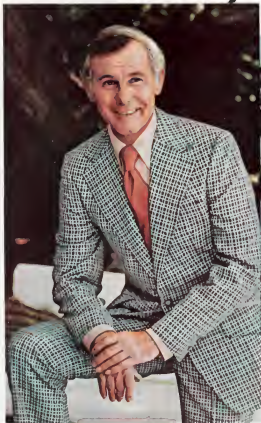
• Ron Blomberg, designated hitter for the Yankees: "With Bobby Bonds in right field and three first basemen I might as well donate my gloves to charity."

• Marvin Barnes of the St. Louis Spirits, on his coach, Bob MacKinnon: "We have great rapport. He tells me what to do and I do it."

• Red Auerbach, Boston Celtics general manager, on the ABA's three-point field goal: "I think if you give a guy three points for a long shot, then you should give just one point for a sneakaway layup."

END

here's johnny!



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Sports Illustrated

MAY 5, 1978

JACKPOT FOR JIMBO

The noisome ballyhoo behind them, Jimmy Connors and John Newcombe got down to trading whacks at Las Vegas. Three hours later Connors strode off the court still No. 1 and \$500,000 richer **by JOE JARES**





Newcombe's acrobatics were to no avail against Connors aggressive play, especially his two-handed backhand



The rules of tennis are very strict. For example, it is absolutely forbidden to stage a major tennis event without a boycott, a lockout or a lawsuit. Thus it was probably some relief to Bill Riordan, manager of Jimmy Connors and promoter of last Saturday's internationally televised Connors-John Newcombe challenge match, when a sheriff's deputy served notice that Riordan was being sued for \$175,000. Riordan was shooting craps in the Caesars Palace casino at the time, which was Friday morning after breakfast. Everybody in Las Vegas shoots craps after breakfast. It is good for the digestion.

The notification was a subpoena to appear in New York Supreme Court. The Mark McCormack organization, which represents Newcombe, Arnold Palmer and

continued



Connors bounces over the net and indisputably to the top of the pack after his four-set victory.

JACKPOT *continued*

numerous other sports stars, claimed that it had been promised a piece of the promotion but had not been let in.

"That's peanuts," said Riordan. "Jack Kramer's suing me for \$3 million." And, having many other things on his mind, he wandered out of the casino, leaving the subpoena on the crap table.

The requisite lawsuit had been filed, all the bullyhood controversies had been settled and the way was clear for the main event. In this corner, the champion of Wimbledon and Forest Hills, the conqueror of Rod Laver at Caesars Palace last February—Jimmy Connors. And in the opposite corner, three-time Wimbledon champion, winner of this year's Australian Open over Connors, the man whom Connors had failed to beat in three tries—John Newcombe. A crowd of about 3,800 in the hotel's new tennis pavilion and a 10-million television audience of more than 25 million saw Connors prove once again that he is the world's No. 1 player by beating Newcombe in four sets, 6-3, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4.

If the match was not nearly as dramatic as Connors' win over Laver, the financial results were certainly more stunning. Caesars Palace put up \$250,000 to stage

the affair, CBS kicked in \$600,000 for TV rights, and foreign TV and other rights yielded close to another \$150,000.

The upshot: Jimmy Connors, age 22, won himself close to half a million dollars. Despite the fact that CBS advertised the match was "winner take all," Newcombe's losing take was in the neighborhood of \$300,000.

Connors traveled to Las Vegas with his by-now-familiar retinue, plus a few new faces. There was mother Gloria, Manager Riordan and Coach Pancho Segura. His sparring partners were John Faver, a young Englishman with a powerful Newk-like serve, Bob Kreiss and Vilas Gerulaitis. Also on hand was his 80-year-old maternal grandfather, Al Thompson, who had not seen him play a big match in person for several years.

For his part, Newcombe sparred with two left-handed Australians, Tony Roche and Owen Davidson, and Ken Rosewall was around early in the week. Newk had played in only three tournaments (plus the Davis Cup and World Cup) and was not expected to be as sharp as he would have liked. He had wanted to play the WCT tournament in Denver the previous week but had dropped out when Connors decided to enter. While Newk worked out at the T-Bar-M Ranch

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY THOMAS

near San Antonio, Connors was winning Denver rather easily.

There had been controversy galore preceding the Connors-Laver match. Who should referee? When should the cans of balls be opened? How many rooms and tickets would Caesars give Riordan? This time Riordan and/or Connors found some new things to fuss about.

When playing Laver, Connors had been annoyed by the crowd rooting against him, and at one point he made an obscene gesture toward comedienne Totie Fields. So a few weeks before the Newcombe match Riordan and Connors asked for the right to buy the \$36 court-side seats. The request was summarily refused.

Then Connors wanted the surface changed. The match was to be played on an old version of Supreme Court, a fairly fast carpet on which Connors beat Laver. Against Newcombe, who has a much harder serve than Laver, Connors wanted a newer version of Supreme Court with a rougher surface that might slow down Newk's cannonballs.

"This is the same court that was used for the Laver match," said Newcombe. "This is the court I was told I would practice on this weekend. I will make no more concessions for Jimmy Connors. As far as I am concerned this is my Alamo."

A few press conferences, more than a few press releases, meetings and a coin flip, which Newcombe's side won—and the surface remained unchanged. Riordan had only the New York Supreme Court to worry about.

The only genuine controversy arising from either Connors-Laver or Connors-Newcombe is over the danger, real or imagined, resulting from challenge matches. Tennis has three viable tournament circuits: Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis, the Commercial Union Grand Prix and the Women's Tennis Association (an important chunk of which is underwritten by Virginia Slims cigarettes). These, plus Riordan's men's circuit and the struggling World Team Tennis league, have been handsomely supporting a lot of players. Many people in the sport fear that ratings-hungry TV networks and greedy promoters and players will stage more and more challenge matches and eventually kill interest in tournaments, much the same way televised boxing helped kill local fight clubs.

Connors, for instance, could play Bjorn Borg in Sweden, Guillermo Vilas in Argentina, Raul Ramirez in Mexico, or five guys one right after the other in Zaire, with Riordan selling the TV or closed-circuit rights for enough money to make a sheik sell his oil wells and take up tennis. Indeed, offers and challenges have been piling up in Riordan's Salisbury, Md. office.

Right now it appears that Riordan, Connors and CBS are going to sit back and let a new contender emerge from this summer's big tournaments and then maybe stage the next "title defense" in December or early next year. At this rate there will be two or three "heavyweight championship" matches a year intruding into the already crowded calendar.

In the weeks preceding their match Connors and Newcombe were continually defending themselves on this score, especially after Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller turned down a head-to-head match for a bundle of bucks. "It's bad for the game," Nicklaus said, "and I will not be a party to it."

"Challenge matches are a thing of the future," said Connors. "They give an extra kick to the tennis world."

"We didn't go begging for the money," said Newcombe. "It was offered to us. The advertisers are willing to pay to get their messages across—and since the money has to go somewhere, it might as well go to Connors and myself. Some people walk away with \$10 million after a world championship fight, so what we're getting doesn't seem out of line."

"I consider the money a reward for all the years I've put into the game," said Connors. "I've worked hard for 19 years, and people like Newcombe and Laver have worked hard for years, too. Now we're being rewarded for it."

Newcombe, in fact, is being rewarded so nicely that he hardly needed the money he earned in Las Vegas. He endorses two different rackets, one in the U.S. and one in the rest of the world. He is paid for lending his name to luggage, sunglasses, socks, wristwatches and shoes. He is a part owner of various T-Bar-M tennis ranches and clubs in Texas and represents a plush resort in Hawaii. He has different lines of tennis togs in Australia, Japan and the U.S. The symbol for the latter is a round cartoon face that consists of Newk's *hamdido* mustache and, for some reason, one eye.

It was a coup, and no doubt an annoy-

ance to Riordan, when Newcombe and his agents, the McCormack people, arranged to have the ball-boys and linesmen for the match dressed in pink Newcombe shirts. At the entrance to the pavilion his supporters were passing out buttons with his one-eyed symbol on them. At ringside his coach, Clarence Mabry, was wearing a set of Newk's duds.

Match day dawned cool and windy, and it was a little difficult to pin down the odds. Riordan said it was even money in Australia and 9-5 Connors in Las Vegas, but a reporter who tried to place a bet in Vegas was turned away because she booked had "taken a bath" on the Connors-Laver match. There was a rumor buzzing around the press section that Segura had \$11,000 riding on his "Jeemy." Segura would not confirm it.

There were plenty of celebrities in the court-side boxes, but no Totie Fields. In Newcombe's box was ex-tennis star Jack Kramer, now head of the Players Association that Connors refuses to join and the man who is entangled in two lawsuits with Riordan.

Finally it came time for the arguments, legal actions and ballyhoo to be forgotten. Saturday at 12:30 it was time for tennis, as performed by the two best in the world.

In the first set Connors broke Newk's vaunted serve to go ahead 3-1, and it was really no surprise because Jimmy has the finest service return in the game. He held on to win the set 6-3.

The second set stayed on serve until the 10th game, Connors serving. Newcombe got two break points but failed to capitalize on them, then finally broke and won the set 6-4 with a sharply angled backhand service return that Connors could not hope to even touch. Perhaps it was because Newcombe was playing better, but in the second set Connors seemed to lack his customary aggressiveness, his habit of swinging at every ball as if he despised it. Then in the third set Connors regained his form and won fairly easily, 6-2, in one stretch taking 10 straight points. Newcombe admitted later that he felt a bit tired in that set even though he had started in what he felt was excellent condition.

"Clarence and I were just laughing about it," said Newk afterward in his room. "In the first two sets we reckoned I served four sets. . . . I was having to come up with big second serves and it was too much. Suddenly I took the wise off

and gave him a breath of fresh air."

More fresh air could have been used in the pavilion, even though air conditioning had been installed since the Laver match. It was hot and stuffy, and several spectators had to be helped from their seats and taken outside.

Connors won the match in the seventh game of the fourth set with Newcombe serving. Jimmy chased a shot far to the right and lobbed deep. Newcombe watched it, confident it would go out, watched in amazement as it landed in, lunged after it and put a forehand into the net. Instead of 30-15 it was 15-30, and on the next point Newk hit an overhead that went long—a close call that upset him. Connors broke and went on to win.

Connors was a gentleman throughout most of the match and, for once, did not bring the crowd down on him with his usual sass. Before the last game he was reaching into a pail, apparently a victim of the arena's closeness. The umpire had to warn him to get out on the court, where he won four straight points after which, obeying another rule of tennis, he leaped the net.

"I don't think you can fault his play," said Newcombe. "Serving to him is like pitching to Hank Aaron. If you don't mix it up, it's going out of the ball park."

Is Jimmy the best? he was asked.

"I don't think you can dispute that now," he answered calmly. **END**



Mr. Connors stood in for the absent Evert.



IT MIGHT AS WELL BE FALL

Even in spring a football game is the surest way to attract a crowd at the University of Oklahoma. More than 20,000 fans, hungry for a repeat of last year's AP national championship, came out Saturday for the 27th annual varsity-alumni game. The young guys, helped by the slashing runs of freshman Halfback



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK CLARISON

Elvis Peacock (above), won 31-20 even though such stars as Tinker Owens and Steve Davis (right) were held out. Come New Year's night, however, they may all be playing in the Orange Bowl, celebrating the end of their postseason game and television probation and, perhaps, their 41st consecutive game without a loss.



On the occasion of his first major thank-you speech, Goaltender Glenn (Chico) Resch of the New York Islanders hardly acted like an instant celebrity who has just been attacked by three dozen microphones, ten minicameras and a battalion of reporters armed with BIC Bananas. Or maybe in the confusion Resch simply overlooked thanking his coach, his fourth-grade arithmetic teacher, his hair weaver, the guys down at the Rub-A-Dub Pub back in Thunder Bay and, of course, all his dear teammates for their parts in what he had just done to the Pittsburgh Penguins. Instead, Resch told it like it was, Howard. No baloney. What he said, ever so humbly, was, "First of all, folks, I want to thank my best friends the goalposts for getting me here tonight."

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FRIENDS

The goalposts, that is, which deflected many a shot as Chico Resch sparked the Islanders to an amazin' comeback **by MARK MULVOY**

No wonder. Thanks to Resch and his cold-steel buddies, the "amazin' Islanders" stunned the Penguins 1-0 in Pittsburgh Saturday night to become only the second team in Stanley Cup history—remember the 1942 Toronto Maple Leafs?—to rally from three games down and win the last four games of a best-of-

seven series. In that final game Captain Eddie Westfall, the one Islander who has guzzled champagne from the Stanley Cup, beat Gary Inness for the only goal at 14:42 of the third period, after Defenseman Bert Marshall had broken up a Pittsburgh clearing play inside the Penguin blue line. Marshall slipped the puck perfectly onto Westfall's stick and the old Bruin outwaited Inness, then flipped a backhand shot between his shoulder and the near post.

If Resch had been hiding behind Inness' mask in the Pittsburgh goal, Westfall's backhand shot no doubt would have glanced off that post, and the Penguins—not the Islanders—might now be playing the Philadelphia Flyers in the cup semifinals. In the last four games the Penguins had fired the puck past Resch 13 times, and nine times the puck ricocheted off the posts. Ask Syl Apps Jr. Syl Apps Sr. played for the above mentioned 1942 Maple Leafs, while his son plays for the 1975 Penguins. Please don't remind Junior about the irony of it. Syl Apps Jr. hit the post four times against Resch.

"The way I look at it," Resch said, "the posts are part of my equipment." And he appreciates his equipment. When Ron Schock and Pierre Larouche rattled shots off the same post not more than 30 seconds apart in last Thursday's sixth game at the Nassau Coliseum, the grateful goaltender kissed the post through his mask. When Jean Pronovost dented the post shortly before Westfall's goal in the seventh game, Resch bowed his head and mumbled a quick prayer. "Those Islanders, they didn't play fair," complained Larouche. "They had two men playing the goal at the same time in those last games."

Resch had played spectator in the first three meetings when the Penguins, clearing the posts cleanly with their shots,

Down three games to none, New York called on Resch to pick off the Penguins.



poured 14 goals past Islander goaltender Billy Smith and stormed to what seemed to be an insurmountable 3-0 lead. Starting at a wipe-out, New York Coach Al Arbour benched Smith for the fourth game and replaced him with Resch, or "Chaco the Man" as the Islanders call their 5'9" backup goaltender. With his \$1,000 hair weave, which he calls "the unit," and his thin mustache, Resch does bear a resemblance to Freddie Prince.

A rookie, the 26-year-old Resch made all unrequired pit stops on the goaltenders' circuit before arriving on Long Island. He was a third-string goalie for a last place team in an outlaw junior league back in Saskatchewan, then spent four years playing goal at the University of Minnesota-Duluth. After graduation he attended Montreal's training camp, but the Canadiens labeled him "too small" and shipped him to Muskegon. "I had a good year there," he says, "but it was really weird. The manager, Jerry DeLise, fined us \$100 if he caught us eating French fries or hot dogs or even pancakes. It was ridiculous. I was playing for \$225 a week, doing them a favor, and they were fining me for eating pancakes for breakfast." The Islanders acquired Resch's NHL rights from the Canadiens in 1972, and he spent the next two years losing hair in New Haven and Fort Worth. "We hardly recognized him when he showed up wearing his unit this season," says an Islander official.

"I was like the apprentice goalie all year," Resch says. "I was the fill-in, a relief man, the guy who came out of the bullpen." Still, he played in 25 games, recorded three shutouts and compiled a strong 2.47 goals-against average. In the opening round of the playoffs Resch beat the Rangers in Game One at Madison Square Garden, but was bombed out of his cage early in the second game. Then he came back to face an apparently hopeless cause. "A goalie," he says, "must feel, really feel, the importance of his position. And let's face it, when you're down by three games and just one game away from a vacation, the goaltender's position is important."

The Islanders finally beat the Penguins in Game Four, 3-1, as Resch made 37 saves and the posts stopped another two. "We are looking to Philadelphia," Pittsburgh Defenseman Dave Burrows said after that loss, "and forgot to beat the Islanders today. So we'll get them back home." The Penguins usually get every-

one at home. Before Tuesday night's game, they had lost only one of their last 33 games in the Civic Arena. Moreover, the Islanders had never won there in their three-year history. But in the fifth game Resch kicked out 36 shots, the posts deflected two more and the Islanders escaped with a 4-2 victory. Back on Long Island Thursday night, Resch stopped another 31 shots, while the posts turned aside three others and, presto, the series was tied as the Islanders won 4-1.

"The Islanders are like a disease," grumbled Pittsburgh's Bob (Battleship) Kelly. "You can't get rid of them. When they're down, they don't pull the rip cord and bail out. I like them but I don't like them. You know what I mean."

Resch began his long personal psych job for the seventh game with a smorgasbord Friday night at a Pittsburgh restaurant: salad, spaghetti and deep-fried scallops, topped off with ice cream and chocolate sauce, and several sodas. "No doctor would recommend that I eat this kind of food the night before a game," he said. "But I know what my stomach can take." After that type of meal Resch, like most goaltenders, sleeps fitfully, if at all, the night before a game. "I'll wake up in two or three hours," he said at midnight, "and just sit in my bed staring off at nothing. It's crazy. Then I'll think of something soothing, like lounging on a beach, and I'll doze off again. I never think of the game, not consciously. If I did I'd become a basket case."

At the Penguins' mandatory practice Saturday morning, Coach Marc Boileau ordered both his goaltenders—Inness and Bob Johnson—out of their nets and had his players shoot at the empty cages for almost 10 minutes. "Resch has them all psyched out," Boileau said. "We averaged more than four goals per game all year, but Resch has given us only four goals in three games. No goalie should be able to do that to us."

As the teams prepared to square away that night, Larouche set the situation in perfect perspective. "One team will choke," he said. "The other team will win." From the start it was a wild game, exactly the type of hockey that the deliberate Islanders wanted to avoid. Less than three minutes into the game, Bob Paradise of the Penguins and Clark Gules of the Islanders, two genuine heavyweights, dropped their gloves and boxed three quick rounds. Then, late in the period, Kelly, responding to the organist's



Bloodied in final playoff game, Islanders like Jude Drown wouldn't bow to Pittsburgh

rendition of *Anchors Aweigh*, fought with Dave Lewis in another heavyweight matchup. But no one could beat Resch, although Apps hit the post and bounced a shot off his mask and over the net.

Resch was Larouche's particular target in the next two periods. Once Resch gloved a Larouche deflection at the goalmouth: another time he dived out of his net and poke-checked the puck off Larouche's stick just as the rookie was ready to roll it into the vacated net. And, oh yes, Jean Pronovost also hit the post. Then it happened. Marshall, one of the few Islander veterans, broke up the clearing play, wheeled to the inside, heard Westfall yelling "Bert! Bert!" and then slid the puck to him and watched Westfall toy with Inness. "What could I do," the goaltender said later. "He kept moving in from the side. I stayed as long as I could, then I had to move with him. The instant I did, he put it past me. Westfall's an old pro. He never panicked."

And he didn't hit the goalpost, either.

END



EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

Saturday is Derby Day, and the field gathering at Churchill Downs is blooming with fine young colts, any one of whom could burst through to win

by WHITNEY TOWER

Half the fun of a Kentucky Derby is waiting for it, with suspense building up around one or two horses. Sometimes it's a question of whether the hero can come through; whether Secretariat, for example, could rebound from his defeat in the Wood Memorial to whip Sham and Angle Light. Sometimes it's the prospect of a two-horse duel: Eastern Nashua vs. Western Swaps, that sort of thing. Occasionally, there is an oddball challenger you can't help wondering about surely you remember Silky Sullivan?

This year's Derby—the 101st running takes place Saturday afternoon at Churchill Downs in Louisville—has turned into one of the best, at least as far as anticipation is concerned, even though there is no one outstanding star,

odds-on against the field, or a bitter two-horse rivalry to be settled. What makes this Derby so fascinating to contemplate is that of the 15 or so colts expected to start, at least five, maybe six, have credentials so solid that victory by any of them would be no upset. It is a meeting of masters, so to speak.

Assuming there are no late withdrawals because of injury or illness, the field will include the winner of every late 1½-mile prep race leading up to the Derby. Foolish Pleasure captured both the Flamingo and the Wood. The Florida Derby went to Prince Thru Art. Avatar won the Santa Anita Derby, Diabolo the California Derby. Promised City came down in front in the Arkansas Derby, while Master Derby took both the Louisiana Derby

and last week's Blue Grass Stakes. The only bright hopes missing are Circle Home, injured early, and Singh, injured late.

But the Kentucky Derby, at a mile and a quarter, is one-eighth of a mile longer than all these races and, as the owners of the 1,044 starters who did not win during the past 100 years have discovered, that extra eighth is often where shocked surprise replaces confidence, where defeat usurps victory. The owners and trainers who show up at Churchill Downs know they must have a colt who is fit and ready, who can take advantage of lucky breaks. And a jockey who won't suffer stage fright at the sight of the twin spires or the sound of *My Old Kentucky Home*.

Most of this year's owners really do think they have a chance to win, although a few, as has always been the case, came mostly to bask for a few days in the Louisville limelight, taking the customary



bows at the many banquets and accepting the opportunity to luxuriate on Derby Day in a superior clubhouse box. They will go home with clippings for the old scrapbook and a racehorse so tired that he might not even win in Chicago this year. For the others, however, there is real hope.

It has hardly ever been fashionable to make a Louisiana Derby winner your Kentucky Derby selection. The last time this system paid off was in 1924 when Black Gold beat 18 foes at Churchill Downs. But after a lapse of 51 years, it might be time again. This year's candidate is Master Derby, and all he's done so far in 1975 is win five of his seven races—in fact, his last five in a row.

No fireworks went off around New Orleans after Master Derby's Louisiana Derby victory, for, as usual, the field was

not star-studded. But then Trainer Smiley Adams brought the chestnut up to Keeneland, where he prepped for the Blue Grass Stakes with an easy five-length win on an off track. As he entered the Blue Grass field with such notables as the Derby Dan pair of Prince Thou Art and Sylvan Place and the California star, Avatar, people began to take notice. The chestnut's sire was Dust Commander, something of a whiz on off tracks. It was raining hard last Thursday, Blue Grass day, and Keeneland hardboots knew what they were doing when they sent Master Derby off as the favorite on a track so wet that Mark Spitz could have beaten Man o' War on it. On this horribly rainy day, Master Derby held off long-shot Honey Mark to win by half a length in the good time of 1:49. Prince Thou Art was six lengths back, a neck in front of Avatar.

When Dust Commander won his Blue Grass five years ago, at 35 to 1, most people laughed it off on the customary grounds that "he caught his kind of off track on a lucky day." They stopped laughing nine days later at Louisville

round

Master Derby (left), a superior mudder, beat Honey Mark in the rein at Keeneland, well ahead of Prince Thou Art and Avatar; Footish Pleasure (left, below) proved his courage ripping Bombay Duck at Aqueduct.



when *Dust Commander* came home first by five lengths (this time at 15 to 1) on an off track. His son, who races in the gold and red silks of Mrs. Robert E. Lehmann's Golden Chance Farm, may be even better than his dad. He's a tough fighter all the way and proved in the Blue Grass that he can lay up with the pace and still finish with a kick.

Five days before Master Derby did his number at Keeneland, Foolish Pleasure showed a Wood Memorial crowd at Aqueduct that his defeat in the Florida Derby was just a slip of the hoof. Obviously recovered from trouble in both his front feet, the 2-year-old champion of 1974 returned to the winner's circle in style. Breaking from the outside in the bulky 15-horse field, the big bay sprang into good position at the first turn—he was outside only three horses there—and overtook pace-setting Bombay Duck in the last few strides to win by barely a head. His time was a nifty 1:48½, tying the stakes record set by his grandsire, Bold Ruler, in 1957.

"Considering that he'd only had two works in three weeks, and that he won on gameness and guts," said Trainer Leroy Jolley, "I'd say this was the best race Foolish Pleasure ever ran."

Wood Memorial day was also California Derby day at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields, and what fans there discovered was that the West could count on two representatives in Louisville instead of one. All winter long at Santa Anita, Avatar, Fleet Velvet and Diabolo had made threatening gestures as one race or another, while George Navonod seemed to make a habit of finishing second. Then in the Santa Anita Derby, which Avatar won by a nose over Rock of Ages (with Diabolo third and George Navonod fourth) for his third win in a row, it seemed the question was settled, even if by only a nose. Avatar's owner, Arthur Seeligion, and his trainer, Tommy Doyle, bought tickets for Kentucky and signed on Bill Shoemaker to ride the colt, which was fine by Shoe, who had just been told by Diabolo's trainer, Sid Martin, that he had been sacked in favor of Luffit Pincay.

Such moves may or may not be decisive when the entire east gathers in Louisville this Saturday, but it paid off for Martin and Owner Frank McMahon in San Francisco. Diabolo, a son of Damascus, went forth under Pincay in the California Derby and broke Noor's 25-year-

old track record as he coasted home 4½ lengths ahead of George Navonod in the sensational time of 1:46½. No other Derby prep has ever been swifter, not even the glittering 1957 Florida Derby, in which Gen. Duke beat Bold Ruler in 1:46½, which at the time was a world record.

Shoemaker, back for his 19th Derby ride (he has won three times), may help Avatar in the Derby, but he is the first to admit he was not much help to him in his fourth-place finish in the sloppy Blue Grass. "It was the kind of ride that gets jocks fired," he joked to Owner Seeligion. But it was not all Shoe's fault. Avatar had his head turned and practically down to the ground when the gates opened, and was immediately pinched back, probably losing three or four lengths. He got into a lot of traffic jams after that, and after making a good move into the far turn he didn't have much left in the stretch. "It amounted to a good work, and not much more," said Seeligion, who thinks he has the better of the two California colts—and may be the best of all Derby hopefuls.

When Darby Dan Farms owner John Galbreath flew into Lexington on the morning of the Blue Grass, the rain was a dismal reminder of the Blue Grass nine years earlier. His Derby horse that April was the sensational Graustark. Graustark was beaten in the slop by Abe's Hope that afternoon, was injured and

never raced again. "I hate to think of it," Galbreath said last week, as the rains and wind lashed at the Keeneland track, "but we're here to run, and run we will. These two colts of ours, Prince Thou Art and Sylvan Place, need a nine-furlong race if they are to make the Derby, and a nine-furlong race is what they'll get. The track is the same for all of them, so we won't back out."

As expected, the Galbreath pair ran back in the pack for most of the race. Sylvan Place never did much more than that, finishing sixth in the nine-horse field. Prince Thou Art did better as he moved briefly against the stretch to take third. Jockey Braulio Baeza never abused him, and the colt probably did just about what Trainer Lou Rondinello expected. Neither of the Darby Dan colts had been working impressively at Keeneland, although times can be deceiving. Two days before the Blue Grass, Prince Thou Art was clocked in 51 seconds for a half mile, which is awful. But the son of Hail to Reason ran the last furlong in 11½ seconds, which is excellent. As Galbreath and Rondinello both know, that kind of late move is exactly what you want in a route horse who is being pointed not so much for the Blue Grass as for the Derby.

Of the other colts who may get to the post Saturday afternoon at Churchill Downs, there cannot be too much optimism. Round Stake, trained by Allen Jerkens for Hobeau Farm, could make it. If so, he'll get some betting support, mostly because Jerkens, who has never had a Derby starter, is famous for pulling off big upsets. "I've never had a horse good enough to go to the Derby before this," says Jerkens, "but Round Stake still has to show me an awful lot more before I'd start him."

The Arkansas Derby winner, Promised City, does not appear to belong in top company, and the same can be said for Media, Bold Chapeau and Gatch. Honey Mark, second in the Blue Grass, is not going to want the Derby's extra distance, and neither will Bombay Duck, who was all out in losing to Foolish Pleasure in the Wood.

All in all, predicting the result of the first race of the Derby's second century is no easy exercise, but let's try. Master Derby, who may well be the favorite, will have his best chance on an off track. I was wrong in thinking his sire, Dust Commander, could not win at 10 fur-

continued

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longs on any kind of track. Foolish Pleasure, champion that he is with 10 victories in 11 starts, and blessed with being the grandson of Bold Ruler and the son of a Tom Fool mare, may be at his very best at a mile and an eighth. What he did in the Wood was very impressive, particularly in view of his layoff, but one must wonder how much that desperately hard race took out of him.

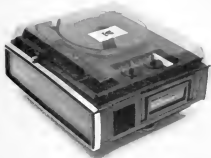
Diabolo is a son of Damascus, himself a classic winner and already a top sire. Putting blinkers on him in the California Derby obviously helped, and having Pincay aboard will move any horse up any time. But you wonder exactly how good those two Western representatives are. Avatar, one of the two sons of Graustark in the Derby (Sylvan Place is the other), beat Diabolo decisively in the Santa Anita Derby, but his fourth-place performance in the muddy Blue Grass was not a fair comparison of Eastern and Western runners. Still, if Avatar is the best from the West, what is Diabolo? He is, some say, not very "honest," which means he is fully capable of running his best one day and dogging it the next time out. Can even Pincay and blinkers correct that?

Prince Thou Art is by Hail to Reason, who has already sired one Derby winner in Proud Clarion. The Prince's mother is the former champion mare Primonetta, whose brother (Chateaugay) and sire (Swaps) both won Derbies. In his two seasons of racing, Prince Thou Art has not had the outstanding record (only three wins in 11 races) enjoyed by Foolish Pleasure and some of the others but he has been brought up to this race with super care and management. "I thought if we caught Foolish Pleasure it would be at a longer distance," said Trainer Rondinello after his upset victory in the Florida Derby. "To do it at a mile and an eighth was a little bit of a surprise, since he likes to come from behind."

"But doing that in a small field is one thing. We'll have to see what happens when he tries to come from behind in a Derby-size field. That's the way he runs, and nothing can change it."

And nothing can change my belief that the combination of breeding, Rondinello, Baeza and Prince Thou Art—with a little bit of luck thrown in—will bring Derby Dan its third Derby winner in 101 years. Some people have gone that long without even one.

END



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**TEARING
HIS
WAY UP
FROM
NOWHERE**

Houston McTear, an 18-year-old sprinter from the backwoods of Florida, has run the 100 in 9.3 six times, has beaten the Russians and has his eye on the Olympics

by RON REID

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRIGLO



When Houston McTear was 14 years old he won the 100-yard dash in a minor high school track meet, running in sneakers, a T shirt and a worn pair of cut-off blue jeans. He was timed in 9.8 seconds, a performance made more dazzling by the fact that he didn't even have a set of starting blocks.

McTear (rhymes with McVeer) is now 18, a high school junior, the most promising young sprinter in the U.S. and a bona fide candidate for the 1976 Olympic Games, a marvelous prospect for an athlete who has been traveling on a no-frills ticket all his life. McTear is still doing without, but because of his astonishing athletic talent, and some kindly folks in Florida's Okaloosa County who recognize it, he also is doing himself proud.

On six occasions this season McTear has run the 100 in 9.3 to equal the national high school record. In one of those races, at the Florida Relays in Gainesville, he didn't have time to warm up

properly. In the long jump, an event he practices about as often as Howard Hughes holds press conferences, his 24'6" mark is the best in the country this year for a high-schooler.

McTear's credentials as a sprinter were solidly established against world-class competition during the indoor season. He ran 50 yards in 5.1 (another national scholastic mark), twice covered 60 yards in 5.9 (one-tenth off the world record) and finished first in the 60 yards in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet in Richmond.

All of which isn't half bad for a somewhat howlegged sprinter with slightly ragged form. For an untutored runner McTear's start is pretty good, although he sometimes comes out of the blocks too high, and he has explosive acceleration through the first 50 yards. Mel Pender, who calls McTear a "born sprinter," says Houston also carries his arms wrong. But after the gun McTear's pistonlike stride is a study in brute strength, one that attacks a race, leaves

scorch marks on the track and gives observers the impression that he drives his body too hard for the resiliency of muscles and ligaments. McTear, however, has never suffered a hamstring pull or any other injury.

Despite being 5'7" and 155 pounds, McTear compares himself, as do others, to the much bigger Bob Hayes, whom he resembles in pigeon-toed gait, the kind of raw speed that obliterates flaws in form, bulging calf muscles and proficiency in football. As a running back for the Baker High Gators, McTear gained 1,380 yards on 96 carries last fall. That's a 14.4-yard average, and when Baker occasionally abandoned its Washbone running attack to throw forward passes, four of them were to McTear for touchdowns.

For a high school junior—indeed, for a collegian or an internationalist—his performances are remarkable. They are even more remarkable when they are considered against the background of

PHOTOGRAPH BY



McTEAR STANDS WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER AND SEVEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN FRONT OF THEIR MILLIGAN, FLA. HOME



McTEAR DOES WIND SPRINTS AND PRACTICES STARTS ON THE BARE DIRT BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS THAT RUN PAST HIS HOME

UP FROM NOWHERE *continued*

his training facilities, which are nonexistent, and his home, which is an indictment of the American Dream.

It is doubtful that many world-class athletes know a world with fewer material advantages than McTear's. Home is a place called Milligan, an off-the-map hamlet set among the soybean farms and pine forests of the Sunshine State's panhandle. McTear's Florida is more like backwoods Alabama than Palm Beach, and it is grinding poverty however you look at it.

Houston lives with his parents, Eddie and Margree (who have seen him run only once), and seven brothers and sisters whose ages range from 19 to four, in a dun-colored, squalid shack at the end of a dirt road. It is first in a row of six similar shacks that run parallel to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad tracks some 75 yards from the front porch. What sets the McTear shack apart from the others is a front-room shelf stocked with Houston's track trophies. The yard is bare dirt with an occasional weed clump, and is littered with old tires, broken boards and the sad assorted flotsam that drifts over places no one really cares about.

The McTears live a quarter of a mile from a local fishing stream called the Yellow River, but its proximity is a dubious blessing. Rising after heavy rains a few weeks ago, it left almost five inches of water in the house.

"They haven't got many screens, if any, on their windows," a concerned

friend says, "and I don't know how any of them can stand it in the spring and summer. The mosquitoes that come off the river then are big enough to carry you off."

Not more than 200 yards away on the other side of the tracks, bombarding the McTear home with the daylong, head-splitting clangor of its machinery and the acrid smoke from its kilns, is the Fleming Sawmill Co., where Houston's father has worked for more than 10 years. Friends estimate that he makes \$400 a month when the work is steady, driving a fork-lift truck.

Speaking of his son's athletic ability and Olympic hopes, Eddie McTear says, "I'm proud of him. I hope he makes it. Then maybe he won't have to work in a sawmill the rest of his life."

The family's economic plight struck Baker High Principal C. Douglas Griffith in a most poignant manner one day when he prepared to discipline Houston and his older brother George. Griffith is a no-nonsense man and a practitioner of a Florida-sanctioned punishment called "boarding." Boarding is spanking, which Griffith does with a friction-taped plywood paddle.

"Houston and George got in a fight on the bus one day," Griffith says, "and when I got them both in here I said, 'What am I going to have to do, board you kids to stop you from fighting?' Then I asked George if his mama punished him at home, and he said, 'I get whipped almost every day. When I get home,

I'm just so hungry that I forget, and I eat too much.'" It is the down-home country custom of the McTears and other families in the area to give the kids an after-school snack from the food that will be served for supper. Mrs. McTear was annoyed when it appeared that her son's ravenous appetite would leave no food for her husband's meal.

Houston recently discovered that not even his track success against the Russians, who rank behind boll weevils in Okaloosa County fan support, could win him a pardon from the paddle. Returning to Baker the day after his celebrated victory, McTear attended one class but cut his next.

"I called him in here," Griffith says, "and he told me, 'I was so tired from the trip home I just didn't go.' Then I said, 'You know I can't let you off,' and he answered, 'O.K., I guess I got it coming.' So he leaned over the desk and I gave him his three licks."

Of McTear's academic work Griffith says, "The good Lord didn't bless him with all the talents, but Houston's come a long way. If he had some of the advantages other kids have, his potential would be unlimited. There's not a boastful bone in his body. He takes everything he's done in stride and with a lot of humility."

McTear's favorite subject is home economics. "I like it," he says. "I learned how to cook, how to set the table." Then, grinning, "I already knew how to wash dishes."

continued

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If the thought of a world-class sprinter favoring home ec and being spanked isn't unsettling enough, McTear's training facilities are. Baker High does not have a track, although it should have one soon if the rains that deluged the panhandle this spring don't cause too many construction delays. The track will be of bastard size, a 340-yard oval, but nonetheless a decided improvement over the school's football field, where workouts were previously held.

Baker is the smallest Class 2A school in Florida, with approximately 800 students from kindergarten through 12th grade. Owing to the paucity of its athletic facilities, McTear probably holds a world record already—for the 180-degree-turn 220. Starting from one goal line, he races to the other, grabs a goalpost, spins around it to change direction and sprints back to where he started. It is not a style recommended for learning to run the curve.

On Sundays McTear works out near the L&N tracks, sometimes with a team-

mate named Al Simon, who practices the 120-yard high hurdles over a flight of straight-backed chairs. You've got to be adaptable to be a Gator.

But it helps if there are as many people looking out for your athletic future as McTear has in his corner. Chief among them is Track Coach Will Willoughby, a self-effacing man who may really know as little about track technique as he says he does, but who often pays for McTear's clothes, food and track trips out of his own pocket. A native of Mississippi, Willoughby helped get George McTear a football scholarship to Jackson State, which he will attend in the fall, but Willoughby is determined to protect Houston from the college recruiters who will descend on him next year. Willoughby has already rejected one offer, contingent on delivering McTear, to become an assistant college coach. He and his wife Caroline also try to help Houston and his teammates with speech problems and manners.

Willoughby's biggest contribution to

McTear the athlete has been getting him entered in tougher, invitational competition. Toward that end he has had the unflinching support of the Okaloosa County school board and its superintendent, Max Bruner.

"We've spent thousands of dollars sending Houston to various meets this year and we've never had one bit of criticism," Bruner says. "While we try to be as prudent as we can with tax dollars, we realize that this is a once-in-a-lifetime situation, and since track is an individual sport it's possible to do more for him than you could, say, for a great running back or basketball star."

Considering the board's support and the continuing interest of meet promoters, it is probable that McTear will run in big outdoor meets later this year after his high school season is over. The International Freedom Games in Kingston, Jamaica, the California Relays at Modesto and the AAU Championships in Eugene, Ore. seem likely bets.

The school board also has deliberated

continued

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UP FROM NOWHERE

the wisdom of McTear playing football, which obviously could jeopardize his track future.

"If it were up to me," Bruner says, "I'd tell him never to step on the field again. But Jake Gaither of Florida A&M spoke here not too long ago, and he told Houston that while Bob Hayes got his world recognition in track, he made his dollars playing football for the Cowboys. We've talked about sitting down with the coaches to get him out of the football program, but you can't make decisions for another person's life. Coming from an economically deprived background like he does, he might want to give that pro game a try."

"I kinda thought about it," McTear says in a slow, guttural baritone. "I thought about not playin' and then I thought about playin', and I made up my mind I'm gonna play if I can be a receiver instead of a running back."

Either football or track brings him any money, McTear says. "I'd probably save up and help Mama and them out. I've heard her talk about gettin' a house trailer. I'd probably help her get it."

Griffith says McTear has already left a legacy to Baker High. "We'd been after a track even before Houston came here," he says, "and now you see the one they're fixing outside. The school board might not like me saying this, but if we didn't have Houston and if our team hadn't made a good showing, well, I wouldn't say we might not have the track, but it would be easy to forget about us. That will be a contribution that Houston and some other kids have left to his school. He is going to help a lot of kids that way."

"The biggest thrill I've had out of Houston," Bruner says, "was last February when he won the all-sports trophy for northwest Florida. Seeing him walk up in front of 600 people and make his acceptance speech, out of his cultural background, showed me that he was maturing, and that this was what education was all about. That was an accomplishment."

Even so one worries about the vulnerability of McTear and his disadvantaged family. At the subsistence level a few dollars can seem a fortune, and no great imagination is necessary to foresee the temptations, if not pitfalls, that lie ahead. It would be a shame if the frills tempted McTear, just as he was starting to go first class.

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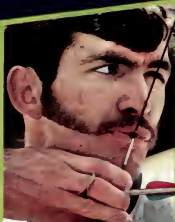


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CONTINUED





gearing up for a gold rush

"All that most people can think of when they hear about archery is Robin Hood, William Tell, bows, arrows and feathers," says John Williams, a gold-medal winner at the Munich Olympics. "People don't realize that archery has changed."

It may have changed more than any other sport. "When I started shooting in 1929 we shot by instinct because we didn't have sights," recalls Millie Hill, a former U.S. record holder. "Then we got the idea to make a sight of sorts by attaching a blackheaded pin to a piece of felt on the bow. I remember how upset at first some people were over that."

"When laminated bows first came out we laughed and called them canoe paddles," says George Helwig, president of the National Archery Association.

"After Emil Pikula finished second at the nationals in '37 while using tubular aluminum arrows, he was called a poor sport," says NAA Executive Secretary Clayton Shenk.

Those who snickered or complained about such new gear were soon silenced by one irrefutable fact: sights, laminated bows and aluminum arrows enabled archers to hit the target's 10-point center gold ring with increasing regularity. Equipment in most sports has undergone only minor alterations in recent years, but with technological advancements promising more and more gold there has been a revolution in archery's accouterments.

No longer does an archer merely pull back on a bowstring attached to a makeshift bow and let his often-misshapen arrows fly. Laminated bows come in a rain-

bow of colors and can send an arrow hurtling downrange at 175 mph. Feathers have given way to plastic vanes that produce truer flight. Bowstrings, once made of barbers' linen or from sinew boiled in water and then pounded to the proper texture, now are made of nylon.

Knocking points, kisser buttons, levels, stabilizers, contoured grips, sights and clickers have all become standard equipment. When an archer prepares for a shot, the first thing he does is to fit his arrow on the bowstring. But he no longer has to worry about it slipping out of position; it will be held there by a knocking point, a small metal or nylon disk clamped to the string. Helping to assure the archer that he has pulled the arrow back properly is a little gadget fastened to the string, a plastic button that at full draw fits between the shooter's lips. A bubble-type level tells the archer if his bow is true or on tilt. Stabilizers are steel rods on the front of the bow that help balance it while the forward hand cradles a form-fitted grip. With his aiming eye, the archer squints through a bowsight.

When the bow is level, balanced, sighted in and comfortably gripped and when the kisser button is in place, there is just one more thing to do before releasing. That is to listen for the clicker. This fingerlike metal device on the side of the handle clicks when the tip of the arrow has been drawn past it. The clicker allows the archer to concentrate on aiming without having to look at his arrow tip to be certain he has pulled back exactly the right distance. When the arrow is released, leather or plastic guards protect fingers from being cut by the bowstring or having it snap against forearms. With all this gear the bull's-eye opens wider every day.

—Herman Weiskopf



FLAT OUT IN A WEE GRAND PRIX

Of all the race circuits in North America—including old brick ovals and latter-day road courses—the Grand Prix of America track in Troy, Mich. is the oddest on several counts. The Troy circuit is far and away the shortest and smallest in America: a mere third of a mile of asphalt that winds back and forth so compactly over 3½ acres of green-sward that from the air it looks like a schematic of the human intestines.

In terms of spectator appeal—the usual measure of success—the Grand Prix of America track in Troy is a real bust. Its 200-capacity stands are rarely half full

even on weekends, but no one in GPA management really cares how many people come to watch. Troy was conceived and designed not for spectators but as a race-it-yourself track that would put ordinary people in the driver's seat. At Troy any licensed auto driver with an itch to scorch it on a racetrack can do so for a dollar per lap in a spiffy little machine that is three-quarters the size and a reasonable facsimile of the McLaren M14 cars that growled around real Grand Prix circuits a few years back.

A sign posted outside the Troy track to lure customers reads: "Drive this

Tiny cars are careening through twisty circuits at a dollar a lap in a fast new race-it-yourself game
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\$15,000 car for one dollar." This come-on is a gross understatement. Counting all that GPA has spent on design, fabrication and modification to produce a machine that would take a beating and still turn a profit, each of the 12 mini-McLarens now being driven by Mr. and Mrs. Average Leadfoot costs about \$60,000.

The 26-hp Wankel engine used in the mini-McLarens is for sure a tubbit compared to the power plant of a full-size



POWERING THROUGH THE CURVES AT POMONA, MINI-RACERS GET MANY OF THE FORMULA 1 SENSATIONS, BUT NONE OF THE PERILS

Formula 1 car On an unlimited straight the little McLarens can do 65 mph, and that is speed enough since 40 mph is about all the hottest driver can manage in the tight convolutions and chicanery of the Troy track. At Silverstone, Zandvoort, Zeltweg and other big-time Grand Prix venues there are straights where a driver boils along for 10 seconds or more without turning the wheel. *Carl ennuie!* By comparison, the twisty little track at Troy makes even the 14 wrinkled miles of the Nurburgring seem as smooth around as a hen's egg. Troy is curves, curves and more curves. Curves of every kind: hard rights and lefts, lazy eses, 180-degree harpins and double apexes—19 curves in all, the two farthest apart being separated by a scant three seconds of driving time.

What the mini-McLaren lacks in size and performance is compensated for by illusion and sensations that are very compelling. Thirty-five mph in an ordinary sedan is modest indeed, but for a driver wedged for the first time in a mini-Mc-

Laren, with his eyeballs barely higher off the track than those of a turtle, the asphalt and greenery whiz by in a blur. The Gs of acceleration, the lateral Gs, the exhilaration when the rear end goes adrift and all the lusty thrills enjoyed in the mini-machines are only a sample of the real thing, but still heady enough to keep customers coming back. In the past 2½ years, more than 80,000 drivers have run at Troy. Forty-six percent of those who drove in the first year came back for another go at it, and the return rate is now running about 65%. Naturally, a large percentage of the patrons are young Jody Scheckters, wild in heart, but there are quite a few steady customers as old and bald as Juan Manuel Fangio. In a five-week sampling last spring, GPA found that whereas almost 50% of its drivers were under 25, a solid 20% were over 35.

The mini-track at Troy was a hit from the day it opened in mid-October of 1972. But it was not until last fall that GPA began looking for investment money and

started a modest mass production of mini-McLarens at a plant of the Outboard Marine Corporation in Manawa, Wis. Seven weeks ago the first franchised track opened in the city of Pomona, in an area of Southern California that swarms with motor maniacs. The initial price of a franchise is steep, about \$35,000, and each mini-McLaren still costs \$6,000, but to judge by the action at Pomona it's a bargain. Although the Pomona area already offered drag racing, Go-karting and half a dozen other flashy ways for a racing buff to sate his cravings, on opening day the mini-McLaren operation sold 7,463 lap tickets—almost four times more than the Troy track did in its debut. At Troy on weekend evenings there are often 30 drivers in line, some of them waiting more than half an hour for a ride. To cut down the long lines in busy periods, Pomona has two 1,900-foot circuits, each with its own stable of racers. On the busiest Sunday since it opened 2½ years ago, Troy managed to get 2,758 laps run; the twin

continued

circuit at Pomona has averaged better than that daily since opening day.

Anyone who loves honest, unfiltered noise, anyone who craves the ultimate din of a dozen big four-barreled cars howling in concert will be greatly disappointed with mini-racing. To oblige the communities in which it makes a living, GPA has equipped its cars with outsize mufflers and resonators that cut down the decibels drastically. The sweet screech of cornering tires can be heard, and when drivers back off abruptly, the flatulent little cars often let out a raucous splat, but for the most part they whip around the course grumbling about as loudly as a power mower.

There is plenty of unexpected action in the infield, however, for at Troy an overzealous leadfoot occasionally goes too far into the last turn too fast, loses the road and takes away a section of fence. For all that, in 590,000 laps run at Troy and 90,000 laps at Pomona, no one has flipped or burned or otherwise totaled himself or his machine. No one has needed medical attention except one small child who had to be patched up with a Band-Aid after falling in the lobby of the Troy administration building.

Mini-racing is definitely not a dicey game. Passing other cars on the track is forbidden. Each driver competes only against a digital timer that functions off photo-cells at the start and finish. A separate computer system measures the speed of each driver over the first 10th of the course and holds the next driver at the starting line for a calculated period, so that even if a rank novice is poking along at a pace of 75 seconds per lap, he has enough lead to keep a fast driver from overtaking him.

The challenge of beating the clock hooks some people right off and barely affects others. In five laps a beginner may lower his time from a sluggish 65 seconds to an impressive 49 and walk away merely amused. On the other hand, a novice who has spent \$10 hammering his time down to 55 seconds often will spend another 10 and, failing to do better, fork out still another 10 trying to shave off a sliver of time.

The most talented drivers at the Troy track, a 20-year-old printing clerk named Renee Bove and a 34-year-old Fisher Corporation draftsman named Mike Moretti, enjoy almost total obscurity (the modest limelight at Troy is barely worth basking in). Renee Bove is the only

woman who has turned the course in less than 46 seconds—a worthy mark considering that both Roger Penske and Carroll Shelby, two authentic knights of the roaring road who have run at Troy, needed more than a dozen laps to get down to 48 seconds. However, last September when Renee clocked 45.82 to lower her own record for the umpteenth time, the local press gave her no notice. All she got for her feat was a ripple of applause from three of the five spectators in the stands and 10 free lap tickets (which she used immediately to lower the women's record still further, to 45.65). The male record holder, Moretti, who in height, weight and feature is a fair facsimile of Mario Andretti, does get some recognition, not all of it deserved. Out of the 80,000 who have run at Troy, only three drivers have clocked under 45 seconds: in addition to Moretti, a trucker named Doug Kwasack and a premier named Larry Swift, who now works for GPA at the Pomona track. Because Moretti has knocked off 44-second laps so often and holds the track record of 44.01, whenever either Kwasack or Swift turned a hot lap, habits seem the time flash up on the board simply thought it was the great Moretti out there doing his customary thing.

Both of the tracks at Pomona are 124 feet longer than the Troy course, and one of them, called the South Track, has 21 curves. However, because they both have two straights more than 100 feet long, allowing top speed of 45 mph, the clockings are not much slower than Troy's. The best time made to date on the faster, 19-curve North Track is 47.20 seconds—an unofficial mark since it was made by Swift. The official record by a customer is 47.78 seconds, set by Bill Willett, a 22-year-old machinist who, before getting into a mini-McLaren, had never driven anything spunkier than a hearse. Although the Pomona region is overrun with hot-rodding young bucks, only Willett and a laborer named Mike Maerhoffler have gotten under 49 seconds.

The idea of offering the public something better to race than a Go-kart was borrowed by GPA from a man who gave birth to it largely out of desperation. Five years ago Malcolm Bricklin, currently the proud father of a new sports car, was sole U.S. importer of the Japanese vehicle known as Subaru. At a time when Bricklin was well-stocked with Subaru 360s, the smallest model in the line, Cus-

sumers Report solidly denounced the 360 as a dangerous highway machine. To get at least his butt back out of an inventory that was suddenly unwanted, Bricklin put the little Subarus to work on five small dirt tracks in New Jersey, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida and California. For people afflicted with the racer's itch the Subarus were definitely more appealing than Go-karts. The response was very good, but for a welter of reasons—decibels of noise, two-cycle emission problems, poor track layout and whatnot the enterprise failed.

One of Bricklin's managers, Zachary DeLorean (who prefers to be known as Jack rather than Zach), asked for and was given permission to pursue the idea his own way. Jack Zachary DeLorean took the proposition to his brother John Zachary DeLorean, who is commonly known as John, not Jack or Zach. By any name, in any automotive venture, John Z. DeLorean would smell as sweet. For 25 years he was a very constant winner, first with Chrysler, then Packard, and finally upward through the divisional mazes and into the corporate mangle of General Motors. In the spring of 1973, half a year after being named GM group vice-president for domestic cars and trucks, John DeLorean quit because, to oversimplify slightly, he felt he had been confined too long in one industry. Although as an engineer and management consultant John DeLorean has won in quite a few fires, his only concrete automotive involvement at present is the little track in Troy—a bit of a comedown for a man once responsible for 86% of the action in the biggest auto business of them all. When his brother Jack left Troy, John DeLorean, as major investor, was left holding a small but very expensive bag. As it turned out, however, also a bag of great promise.

At present, mini-tracks are under construction in Phoenix and Dallas, with openings scheduled for early summer. By the end of this year there will probably be two more in Southern California and one in Florida. GPA anticipates that in time there will be a demand for longer, faster and more challenging circuits and beeper cars for experienced leadfoots who have earned the right to ride a trifle harder. The present operations are perfectly suitable for the Walter Mitty of today but not quite enough for the Willetts, Morettis and Maerhofflers of tomorrow.

END

TENNIS



THE FOLLOWING 16 PAGE ADVERTISING SECTION CONTAINS
A WEALTH OF INFORMATION ON THE PEOPLE AND THE
PLACES THAT FIGURE SO PREDOMINANTLY IN THE PHENOMENAL
GROWTH OF THE GAME CALLED TENNIS.



Imagine an early tennis player set down in the middle of the Connors-Laver showdown at Caesars Palace. This frocked gent, accustomed to playing in utter silence amid the lawn-party gentility of his private club, would have found himself wondering if the Roman orgy had made a comeback. He would have been confronted with cheering crowds, scandalously underdressed players and open talk of big money. By comparison, Alice would have been quite at home in the land of the Jabberwocks.

This is how much tennis has changed in its 102-year-history. Women used to play in ankle-length dresses with endless petticoats, men in long flannel pants. Today's fashions would have sent shivers through Victorian society. The old rackets were wooden jobs that looked like snowshoes. Now there are sleek models made of fiberglass, metal, steel, aluminum and most recently and most expensively, graphite. Early tennis was played on croquet lawns. Today there is little grass left, and almost everyone plays on clay, composition, artificial surfaces and asphalt. Incredibly, the

official name of the governing body included "lawn tennis" until this February.

Everything used to be white; balls, clothes, players. Now yellow balls are all the rage, colored clothes are *de rigueur* just about everywhere but Wimbledon where colored, embroidered designs have begun to enhance the otherwise pure white outfits. And the world's ninth-ranked male player is a black, Arthur Ashe.

Indeed, the most important changes may be sociological. Once tennis players were second-class citizens who made paltry sums teaching the game to rich people. Most tournaments were reserved for the well-to-do. That women played merely stamped it as a "stuffy" sport. But now it's a respectable profession, open to all, with leading practitioners who live comfortably on six-figure incomes. That Billie Jean King, a woman off the public courts of Long Beach, Calif., has made many important contributions to the game in the last 10 years speaks for itself.

Tennis has come a long way from its earliest known antece-

dents in 13th-century France. The rage among clergy, nobility and royalty then was *jeu de paume* (the game of the palm); a game played in cloisters and courtyards in which a ball stuffed with animal hair was poked across a taut rope, wooden barrier or mound of dirt. Gloves, paddles, bats and eventually rackets came into play, while rules evolved from the earlier game of court tennis.

Many theories speculate on the origin of the word tennis. Among them is the Latin word *tenere*, meaning 'to catch,' and an Egyptian city Tinnis, famous for their linen, possibly used to stuff early tennis balls. A more generally accepted theory is that tennis derived from the French expression "tenez!" which players used to shout before serving.

By the 1860's, the British were looking for another use their marmoseth croquet lawns might provide. In 1873 a retired major named Walter Clopton Wingfield introduced a new game at a

pleasant hunt. He called it lawn tennis, traceable to the ancient Greeks "sphairistike," derived from the word "to play." The game spread quickly and in 1874 an American woman, Mary Outerbridge, brought it home to Staten Island after watching some British officers perform in Bermuda. Organized international competition between nations began with the Davis Cup for men and in 1923 Wightman Cup play began for women.

Though the "golden age" of tennis is best known for the amateur exploits of Bill Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen in the 1920's, it should also be remembered for the first pro tour (which actually consisted of Lenglen and extras). Thereafter it became fashionable for amateurs to turn pro at the height of their careers, a somewhat mixed blessing. While the amateur game was robbed of its best, the new pros, banned from prestige events by archaic rules, labored in semi-obscure.

Open tennis came along in 1968 to give everyone a shot at the major titles, and it led to the sport's greatest period of growth. Now there's no looking back. The "good old days" are here.

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ARTHUR ASHE (1943-): The *Virginian* wrote an ironic chapter in tennis history when he won the first U.S. Open in 1968. Pros were expected to dominate, but amateur Ashe, collecting \$28 per deim expenses and a loving cup for his efforts, made a mockery of the prediction. He subsequently turned pro in 1969. A black, Ashe won the 1970 Australian nationals and became a central figure in the apartheid controversy when South Africa refused him a visa three times, then relented and allowed him to play in the country's nationals the past two years.



LOUISE BROUGH (1921-): Winner of every major championship—Wimbledon in 1948-50 and 1955; Forest Hills in 1947; the Australian nationals in 1950, and the French doubles in 1946-7—the Oklahoma was one of the most effective volleyers in the women's game. She was unbeaten in 22 rubbers of Wightman Cup play between 1946 and 1957 and teamed with Margaret Osborne duPont to form perhaps the most dominant women's doubles pairing of all time.

DON BUDGE (1916-): The Californian was the world's first Grand Slam winner in 1938, the year he repeated as U.S. and Wimbledon champion and added the Australian and French titles. He then turned pro and



won a cross-country series of matches from both Ellsworth Vines (21-18) and Fred Perry (18-11). As one of the top pre-war players, Budge revolutionized the game by transforming the backhand into an offensive stroke.



MAUREEN CONNOLLY (1934-69): The first woman to win the Grand Slam (1953), the Californian won Forest Hills in 1951 at age 16 and Wimbledon the next year. "Little Mo," named after another big sister, the American battleship *Missouri* (Big Mo), might have gone on to title after title had not a riding accident cost her a broken leg and ended her competitive career at 19.



JIMMY CONNORS (1952-): Top-ranked male player in the world, he won 99 of the 103 matches he played in 1974, collecting more than \$285,000 in winnings. Among the American's victories were Wimbledon and the U.S., and Australian national championships, perhaps only a disqualification from French title play (for competing in the newly formed—and then unsanctioned—World Team Tennis League) deprived him of a Grand Slam.



MARGARET COURT (1942-): Australia's greatest woman player, she surges in achievement the record of any player, male or female. She has won some 90 major titles, including a record 11 Australian, plus five American, three British and five French national championships, a Grand Slam in 1970 and a Grand Slam of mixed doubles (with Ken Fletcher) in 1961. A strapping 5'9", Court has maintained her position as the best female player of the postwar period despite retiring several times to rest or have children.

DAVIS CUP: The premier event in international team tennis, it features annual competition between national men's teams. The spectacle began in 1900 when



Dwight Davis, a wealthy Harvard student from St. Louis, donated a \$1,000 trophy to the winners of a United States-Great Britain challenge match at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass. The U.S. won 3-0. Belgium, Austria and France became participants in 1904 and dozens of others followed in the ensuing years.



LAURIE DOHERTY (1876-1914): Considered the finest player of the pre-1914 era, he was the only overseas man to win a U.S. national title between 1881 and 1925 when he triumphed at Newport in 1903. The Englishman took Wimbledon titles in 1902-6 and had a perfect record—13 rubbers won out of 13 played—in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup.

REDDIE DOHERTY (1874-1910): The brother of Laurie Doherty, he won Wimbledon titles in 1897-1901. Some contemporary critics declared him the better player of the two, but Reggie's indifferent health prevented him from proving it. The Doherty brothers are considered the founding fathers of the modern game; an entrance to the All England Club where Wimbledon is played commemorates them with the Doherty Gates.

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MARGARET OSBORNE DUPONT (1918-): A Wimbledon (1947), U.S. (1948-50) and French (1946, 1949) champion, she was a leading exponent of the serve-and-volley technique. She was invincible playing for the U.S. in Wightman Cup competition between 1946 and 1957 and her 4-6, 6-4, 15-13 victory over doubles partner Louise Brough in the 1948 Forest Hills final is considered one of the finest title matches ever played.



CHRIS EVERT (1954-): Top-ranked female player in the world, she won 15 tournaments in 1974, including Wimbledon and the French and Canadian nationals, collected more than \$250,000 in prize money and was named Associated Press woman athlete of the year. Chris has been a pacifist since 1971, when she became the youngest semi-finalist (16 years, eight months) in Forest Hills history.



FOUR MUSKETEERS: Four Frenchmen—Jean Borotra, Jacques Brugnon, Henri Cochet and René Lacoste—who dominated international tennis from 1924 to 1932. They won six successive Davis Cup titles in 1927-32 and accounted for 10 French, six Wimbledon and three U.S. national and innumerable doubles titles.



ALTHEA GIBSON (1923-): The first black to take a major championship, she broke Forest Hills' color barrier by playing in the 1950 U.S. nationals, and later won the French nationals (1956)

and both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in successive years (1957-8). Hers was a meaningful round trip from the piddle tennis courts of Harlem to the applause of the Queen of England to a parade in her honor back on Broadway.



PANCHO GONZALES (1928-): Once U.S. champion (1948-9), later world pro champion (1954-61), now the world's top-ranked senior player, the Mexican-American from Los Angeles has dominated every phase of competition. As a 41-year-old in 1969, he won Wimbledon's longest match (112 games) over Charlie Pasarell, 22-24, 1-6, 16-14, 6-3, 11-9.



LEW HODD (1934-): The Australian came within one match of a Grand Slam in 1956, losing to his partner Ken Rosewall in the Forest Hills final. As a 19-year-old in 1955, he beat American Tony Trabert 13-11, 6-3, 2-6, 3-6, 7-5 in one of the most dramatic victories of Davis Cup history. The win helped Australia retain the Cup. After playing on further Cup championship teams in 1955-6 and repeating as Wimbledon champion in 1957, he signed a then-unheard-of \$125,000 pro contract with Jack Kramer.

HARRY HOPMAN (1906-): The most successful trainer in Davis Cup history, "Miracle Man" coached Australia to 15 Cup titles in the years 1950-67. A stern disciplinarian and fine athlete himself, he was a Cup player



between 1928 and 1939 and was Australian national squash champion in 1933-4 and 1936.



HELEN HULL JACOBS (1908-): An American who won U.S. national titles in 1932-35 and Wimbledon in 1936, she was Helen Wills Moody's long-standing rival. Their series had two notable disappointments for Jacobs. She was leading 8-6, 3-6, 3-0 in the 1931 Forest Hills final when Moody had to retire because of illness. Two years later in the finals at Wimbledon, wind deflected a would-be match point for Jacobs and she lost 6-3, 3-6, 7-5.



BILLIE JEAN KING (1943-): For a decade Margaret Court's arch rival, King has become the outstanding modern exponent of women's tennis. Her campaigning helped narrow the gap between men's and women's purses, she became the first woman athlete to top \$100,000 in annual winnings when she collected \$117,000 in 1971, and it was King, not Court, who defeated 1939 Wimbledon champion Bobby Riggs, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 a year



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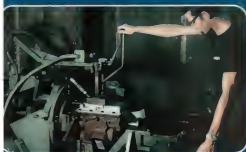
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and a half ago in the most publicized match of all time. Billie Jean has won every major singles title: Wimbledon in 1966-8 and 1972-3, U.S. nationals in 1967, 1971-2 and 1974, the Australian nationals in 1968 and the French nationals in 1972.



JACK KRAMER (1921-): Top player of the immediate post-war era. The "King" won the most one-sided Wimbledon ever in 1947 when he lost just 37 games in seven matches, and took U.S. national titles in 1946-7. But for injuries, bad luck and a wartime hiatus, he might have matched the major-tournament successes of a Tilden, Hudge, Perry or Laver. The American dominated the pro game from 1947 to 1951, whereupon he became one of the sport's most successful promoters. More than anyone, he is given credit for removing the barriers to open tennis.



ROD LAYER (1938-): Perhaps the finest player of the modern era, "The Rocket" is unquestionably the best left hander ever. The Australian is the only man to win two Grand Slams (1962, 1969) and win four straight Wimbledon (1961, 1962, 1968, 1969) without a defeat. He undoubtedly would have won

more had he been eligible from 1963 to 1967. Laver turned pro in 1963, and professionals were not allowed at Wimbledon until 1968.



SUZANNE LENGLEN (1899-1938): Few have dominated any sport as she did. The "Maid Marvel" did not lose a singles match she completed during her entire eight-year (1919-26) amateur career. Because of asthma, she did concede a match to Molla Mallory after one set, thus dropping out of the only U.S. championships (1921) she entered. Poor health also deprived her of the French and Wimbledon titles in 1924 and caused her premature retirement from amateur tennis. But when she played, it was her opponents who were struck down—by inevitable defeat.



MOLLA MALLORY (1892-1959): The best American woman player before Helen Wills Moody, she was the only person to beat Suzanne Lenglen after World War I and she won seven U.S. national titles (1915-16, 1918, 1920-2, 1926) in 12 years. Molla was the "First Lady" of Norwegian tennis before emigrating in 1914.



ALICE MARBLE (1913-): First among women to adopt the serve-and-volley technique from men, the Californian rallied from a 1934 tuberculosis attack and a "you-will-never-play-again" prognosis to take U.S. national titles in 1936 and 1938-40 and win at Wimbledon as 1939. Her 4-6, 6-3, 6-2 win over Helen Hull Jacobs in the 1936 Forest Hills final, achieved despite a still-fragile condition, began her dominance of the game. Only World War II halted international acclaim.



HELEN WILLS MOODY (1905-): An American, she succeeded the retiring Suzanne Lenglen as the world's dominant female player in 1927 and did not lose a set in singles between then and 1932. (The only time she faced Lenglen—at the 1926 French championships, she lost 6-3, 8-6.) She dominated the sport from 1927 to 1938, winning Wimbledon a record eight times and taking seven U.S. and four French national titles. "Little Miss Poker Face" had perhaps the hardest forehand drive in the history of women's tennis.



JOHN NEWCOMBE (1944-): The powerful Aussie has been a multiple winner at Wimbledon (1967, 1970, 1971), Forest Hills (1967, 1973) and the Australian nationals (1973, 1975). Often top-ranked despite long absences from the tour, he began this season by knocking off the present number one player, Jimmy Connors, 7-5, 3-6, 6-4, 7-6 in the Australian finals.



FRED PERRY (1909-): Probably the finest British player ever, he was the only player to win three Wimbledon titles in consecutive years (1934-36), added three more U.S. national titles (1933, 1934, 1936) and led Great Britain to four straight Davis Cup titles (1933-6). His 86% record in 52 Davis Cup singles matches was unequalled; the only satisfaction for opponents came when he turned pro in 1936.

WILLIAM KENSCHAW (1861-1904): The Englishman won seven Wimbledon singles titles (1881-6, 1889) to lead all male players, and seven more Wimbledon doubles titles with his

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twin brother Ernest. By virtue of his skill and personality, he turned the game into a major spectator sport.



KEN ROSEWALL (1934-): Among major titles, only Wimbledon has eluded the mighty Australian. "Muscles" took U.S. national titles in 1956 and 1970, Australian titles in 1953, 1955, 1971 and 1972, French titles in 1953 and 1968 and the World Championship of Tennis title in 1971 and 1972. Known for his impeccable groundstrokes—best of the postwar period—he remains at 40 a threat to win any tournament he enters.



SCORING: The system of scoring by units of 15 probably derives

from medieval France when the game score was modeled on the hands of a clock (the present 40 is an abbreviation of the original 45). Tower clocks tolled every 15 minutes, suggesting a four-point game. The use of the six-game set was adopted from the older court tennis, played between walls.



DICK SEARS (1861-1943): Winner of the first seven U.S. nationals (1881-7), he became champion at age 19. At the end of his reign, in which he lost just three sets, he retired undefeated. Sears was America's first volleyer, although his method of standing at midcourt and pushing the ball back would not pass for effective volleying today.



VIC SEIXAS (1923-): An early exponent of the attacking top-spin lob, the American captured Wimbledon in 1953 and the U.S. national title in 1954. With Tony Trabert, he helped the U.S. take home the Davis Cup from Australia in 1954.

STAN SMITH (1946-): Though he was U.S. national champion in 1971, Wimbledon titlist in 1972 and World Championship of Tennis winner in 1973, his finest performance may have been in the 1972 Davis Cup



win over Rumania. Despite hostile crowds, questionable line calls and his opponents' erratic behavior at the Bucharest finals, Smith retained the Cup for the U.S. almost singlehandedly, his only assistance coming from Erik Van Dillen in doubles. At Wimbledon, his five-set (4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5) victory over Rumanian Ilie Năstase in the 1972 final was considered the best title match in four decades.



BILL TALBERT (1918-): One of the most popular figures in American tennis, he has won four U.S. national doubles titles with Gardnar Mulloy (1942, 1945-6, 1948), captured five teams that reached the Davis Cup Challenge Round (1953-7), including one champion (1954), authored numerous books on tennis and most recently directed the World Cup and U.S. Open tournaments. One of the first diabetics to succeed in a tough competitive sport, he was a master court tactician.

BILL TILDEN (1891-1933): Considered the greatest player of all time by many experts, Big

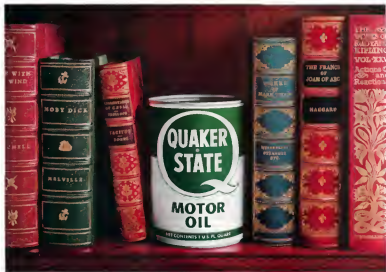


Bill in his prime won six straight U.S. national titles (1920-5) and 13 successive matches in Davis Cup Challenge Round play (1920-6). Overall, he took seven U.S. and three Wimbledon titles, although he didn't win his first major singles championship until he was 27. The durable American took his last Forest Hills title at 36 (1929) and his final Wimbledon at 37 (1930).



TONY TRABERT (1910-) A remarkably dominant champion at his peak, he won Wimbledon (1955) and U.S. national (1953, 1955) titles without the loss of a set and took the French national title in 1954-5. One of many top amateurs lured by Jack Kramer into the pro ranks in 1955, he became director of the International Tennis Players Association in 1960.

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Unlike other reading material, you can tell a good motor oil by its cover. First, look for the Quaker State name. That tells you it's made by a company where product excellence is a tradition.

Next, you'll read that it's refined from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest. It's also fortified to protect your engine under most any condition, from stop-and-go city traffic to high-speed turnpike driving.

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Quaker State your car to keep it running young.





U.S. NATIONALS: Played at Newport, R.I. from 1881 until it was transferred to Forest Hills, N.Y. in 1915, to Philadelphia in 1921 and back to Forest Hills in 1924, the nationals began like a casual lawn party—without professionals or even grandstands. (The women's championship was played in Philadelphia from 1887 until it was transferred permanently to Forest Hills in 1921). The event became a major spectator attraction in 1924 when moved to the concrete 13,500-seat stadium at the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills. The tournament was opened to professionals in 1968 (and re-named the U.S. Open) and the 1975 tournament will be the first to be played on clay.



ELLSWORTH VINES (1911-): As a 20-year-old, the Californian showed what many consider the best single-season form in history in 1932, the year he took both Wimbledon and U.S. national titles. Two years later he relinquished his amateur status and

went on to dominate the pro for five years. Though he stood 6'1" and weighed only 145 pounds, he introduced power tennis with a serve that supposedly traveled 120 miles per hour.



HAZEL HOTCHKISS WIGHTMAN (1886-1974): The "Queen Mother of American Tennis" came out of Houlburg, Calif. to win 45 titles, including U.S. national championships in 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1919. In 1923 she donated the top prize in international women's tennis—the Wightman Cup, awarded to the winner of yearly matches played between U.S. and British teams.



WIMBLEDON: The world's most prestigious tournament. It was named after the London suburb where the tournament originated in 1877. From then until 1922 it was played at a facility where no more than 500 seated spectators viewed the proceedings on Centre Court amid an atmosphere described by one chronicler as resembling "a delightful vicarage garden party with tennis as the chief attraction." A Challenge Round system permitted the defending champion to play just one match—the finals. In 1922, the tournament was shifted to a large facility—the All England

Club, whose Centre Court now seats 14,750 spectators—and a seeding system was substituted for the Challenge Round. Lake Forest Hills, Wimbledon became an open tournament in 1968. Heavily traditional, Wimbledon is played on grass by players who are required to dress mostly in white. Afterwards, Great Britain's reigning monarch bestows the awards and the male and female singles champions dance together at the Wimbledon Ball.



The only problem with the future of tennis is that it seems almost too good to be true. Some facts:

"Tennis was one of only two major sports (the other was horse racing) to grow both as a participant and spectator sport last year."

"Television exposure has increased from three tournaments a year to three a month."

"Equipment manufacturers say they grossed \$336 million in tennis equipment sales in 1974, an increase of 30% over 1973."

"Nelson studies estimate a playing population of 34 million, which represents an astounding jump of 14 million over the past 18 months. Researchers admit this generous figure could include anyone who has touched a racket, but by any estimate, tennis has become the sport of the '70's."

Where it will lead is fodder only for the most peerless prognosticators. One of the best qualified, *The Boston Globe's* award-winning columnist Bud Collins, was asked to try.

Collins, 45, writes three columns a week and announces tennis on television over two local stations and two national networks, PBS and NBC. An excellent club player, he coached the Brandeis varsity for five years and once won a national indoor mixed doubles title with Janet Hugges. He had these well-educated guesses:

"There will be different-colored courts as well as balls. Maybe someone will build a blue court to go with his eyes. Rackets will continue to change. Someone may find that teak trees produce fine rackets. . . ."

"There will be more chic items, and in the same time more cheap ones. You will see cashmere warm-up jackets on the one hand,

and on the other someone will try to undercut the market by producing strings that can be used in the rain, balls that last for a month and less destructible sneakers. . . ."

"More and more, tennis will become a public game. There will be longer seasons, more nighttime and indoor tennis, courts built in warehouses and on roof tops, possibly a cheaper paving surface. Parks departments have been hung up on baseball, basketball and football. In Boston, there are perhaps eight or nine good public courts. Municipalities are bound to change their outlooks in response to demand. . . ."

"We haven't reached the end of the scoring revolution. There are some possibilities Van Alen hasn't suggested beyond even the round-robin tournaments. The days of the single-elimination tournament may be numbered. World Team Tennis and the concept of tennis leagues could catch on with colleges and towns. I think town-against-town is a great concept for America. The Davis Cup may be out-moded. It may have to be replaced by professional competition between nations [along the lines of the World Cup competition (between the U.S. and Australia) originated by Collins]. There is really no Grand Slam any more as we used to know it. The Big Four may become Wimbledon, Forest Hills, the U.S. Pro outdoors and the U.S. Pro indoors for men, and Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Virginia Sims and maybe the Family Circle event for women."

"The family court could take the place of the family swimming pool or even, given the economy, the family vacation. There could be neighborhood courts that everyone on the block chips in to build. . . ."

"There's simply no end to the possibilities."



**What new tennis ball
is played in more
US Pro tournaments
than all other
balls combined?**

The new Spalding Championship Tennis Ball.

This year, the new Spalding Championship Ball will be played in most professional U.S. men's tournaments. It'll be played in *all* Virginia Slims tournaments.

Why are the pros making the switch? Because the new Spalding Championship Ball is built tougher from core to cover.

Its new core compound gives you a slower, more consistent bounce. Its improved core seal holds pressure longer. Its cover is now glued twice so the felt stays put longer. And its bold new markings stay readable set after grueling set.

The new Spalding Championship Ball plays better. It bounces truer. It lasts longer. It's built tougher from the inside out.

Finally, somebody's making tennis sense.

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SR-5 Sport truck



5-speed overdrive transmission



Hi-back bucket seats



285 SR x 14 fat radial tires



Well appointed instrument panel

It's just not our style to run a stripe down the side and then scream "new."

To start with, there are five good reasons why we call it a Sport Truck.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th. The gears in the 5-speed overdrive transmission.

And that's mostly what sets our new SR-5 Sport Truck apart from other half-ton trucks.

But keep reading. Because it goes on with personality.

It comes with Hi-back bucket seats, AM radio, thick pile carpeting and fat radial tires—as well as racing stripes.

In front of all that is our powerful new 2.2 liter hemi-head engine.

There's one more thing about the rugged new SR-5 Sport Truck. It's designed and built with a great deal of care.

But then you expect that kind of craftsmanship from Toyota.

Small car specialists for over 40 years

TOYOTA

See how much truck your money can buy.

DECLINE OF A BRAVE NEW WORLD

Nine years ago when the baseball Braves moved in from Milwaukee and promptly drew 15 million spectators, Atlanta was viewed as the hot new city for major league sports. The Braves were followed in short order by the NFL Falcons, the NBA Hawks and the NHL Flames, all of which came to town believing that the South's most cosmopolitan citizenry would pour into arenas and ball parks, and that Atlanta would be the base of a large and growing television market encompassing the entire Southeast.

But in recent years, while attendance in most sports has increased and hours of network TV sports broadcasting have jumped dramatically, Atlanta's reputation as a hot city has turned cold. This season the Braves will be lucky to draw half as many fans as they did in their first year in Atlanta. And the television station that airs their games is certain to lose about \$200,000 on the package. Moreover, last fall the Falcons twice set records for "no-shows." But the problems of baseball and football in Atlanta are mild compared to those of the basketball and hockey leagues, neither of which can get their network games—regular season or playoff—on the local affiliates.

Atlanta is the 16th-largest television market in the country. Its reaction to sports has left sponsors, league presidents and TV executives bewildered. Some charge that the city obtained "too many teams too fast" and point to it as an example of the perils of rapid expansion. But San Francisco-Oakland, Kansas City and Minneapolis-St. Paul have experienced similar expansion and in these cities some land in the case of K.C., all of the new sports have flourished. Consequently, the thinking that Atlanta is the most extreme example of nationwide sports over-saturation could be wrong. More likely, the city is an anomaly when it comes to the big leagues.

All of which affords little satisfaction to CBS in basketball and to Atlanta fans in hockey. The network and the NBA lost prestige when CBS affiliate WAGA decided not to carry any league games this season. "We did them last year, which was the first in CBS' three-year contract with the NBA," says WAGA Station Manager Paul Raymon. "The first time I looked at the ratings book

I had a pretty good idea of what we were going to do. There was some pressure put on us by CBS in New York to run the games, most of it just friendly persuasion by the station's relations department. In some ways I feel badly about not showing the NBA Game of the Week, because I know the head of CBS Sports, Bob Winkler, is trying to change the network's sports image. But it didn't make sense from our point of view to run the games, and we won't run them next year, either."

The NBA package has been picked up by WTCG, the South's strongest independent UHF station, which can be seen either over the airwaves or via cable throughout Georgia and in parts of Florida, South Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee. Headed by Ted Turner, a flamboyant 35-year-old former Yachtsman of the Year and sort of an ocean-going Rhen Butler, WTCG now is known as the Atlanta station for sports, even though it also has a library of 2,300 films it could put to more profitable use.

"Our profit will be minimal at best from the games," says WTCG Station Manager Sid Pike. "If we ran movies instead we could make much more money."

But showing flicks would not enhance the station's reputation for sports. "Counting the NBA, we did over 70 basketball games this year, including colleges and the Hawks when they were on the road," says Turner. "We received letters of thanks and calls of appreciation, but we don't want people to send bouquets—just watch."

That is more than NHL fans can do. The league's Game of the Week could not be seen in Atlanta, even though the Flames are ninth in NHL attendance, hockey is currently the In Sport in the city and a group of fans offered to pay some of the costs of televising the network games locally. And Stanley Cup games can't be seen either. That makes Atlanta the only NHL city in the U.S.



TED TURNER'S WTCG HAS KEPT ATLANTANS' HOOPS UP

that carries no network hockey telecasts. When NBC's affiliate, WSB-TV, announced last fall that it did not intend to pick up the games, it inspired some angry mail, and both Atlanta newspapers published letters criticizing the station, the city's most successful.

"We carried the network NHL games for two years and we got ratings of about three," says WSB-TV Program Director Van Cantfort. "We get fives on this station for test patterns. We were already doing some Flames road games, and I wasn't about to commit the station to six or seven hours of hockey on any one day. We put movies on instead, and did a heck of a lot better in the ratings."

John Wilson, the president of the Hawks, Flames and the Omni, Atlanta's \$25 million sports showplace, says, "It is depressing because our ownership is tied to the South. We're interested in showing how far Atlanta has come since that fire in 1864. The problem with hockey bothers me particularly. Two years ago NHL came to Atlanta to give a seminar on hockey for advertising and media people, and did an excellent job that was well received. Now the NBC station drops the game. I don't know what will happen here, but it is something we probably will have to learn to live with."

That is a chilling prospect for sports fans in one-hot Atlanta.

END

The low-key, high-stakes invitational

**While Jack, Johnny and the boys
were sampling La Costa's charms,
Al Geiberger was begging birdies**

Jack Nicklaus was back doing off-the-course commerce and suffering a mild case of Masters Withdrawal, Johnny Miller was simply feeling "mellow" and trying to squeeze in some golf between baby-sitting chores, Tom Weiskopf had an infected ear, which may have been partly caused by leaving his two-iron at home, Gary Player was experimenting on the final round with a putter called Zebra, and Lee Trevino announced, "Anytime I can't miss the cut and I'm guaranteed money, I'm on vacation." All of which helped to characterize that annual week off on the pro tour known as the Tournament of Champions. For the man who outstagers La Costa (in more ways than one) and wins the \$40,000 first prize, it winds up being a momentous event, as it was for Al Geiberger, but for just about all of the others in the most select field there is, it becomes an occasion of fun in the sun and what's new in the buffet line besides creamed ham on French toast.

While Geiberger led most of the way, his victory was not easy. Just as it seemed he was about to wrap the tournament up on the final hole, he three-putted, and suddenly he was on his way back to 15 with Player for sudden death. But there he followed a beautiful approach with a birdie putt, and Geiberger had his win after all.

The T of C has always been a strange kind of tournament, unable to achieve the sort of status it probably deserves. Ever since it began in Las Vegas in 1953 everybody has agreed that it has the best format possible—players who have won a tournament over the past calendar year, and no one else. Last week there were only 30 competitors, for example. This alone contributes to the

relaxed, almost intimate, atmosphere.

But there are other things. With a small field there is no 36-hole cut and the man who finishes last is guaranteed a check for something like \$2,000. The players have always been given free rooms, free meals, free drinks and a white sports coat, and when the event moved from Vegas to the splendors of La Costa in 1969, the players' wives were afforded the added pleasure, if they wished, of getting free overhauls in the lavish La Costa Spa, just north of San Diego. Last week most of them took advantage of the facials, saunas, mineral baths, exercising, dance classes, pedicures, hair styling, makeup applications and massages.

La Costa's frills were available to the folks who were lucky enough to be in La Costa instead of Tallahassee, the tour's regular event, and grudging the golf ball was almost a secondary consideration. The Tournament of Champions is the one event of the year where the wives aren't required to go 18 every day in pursuit of their husbands. Nor do most of the players go through four "serious" hrs. Or as Lee Trevino put it, "I can't lose this week, man. You ain't gonna find me on the practice tee, even if I'm winning."

Even after Trevino fired a 65 in the second round and plunged himself right into the thick of things, he said, "You win this tournament by accident." He came close, finishing third.

Tom Weiskopf, still brooding over another narrow loss in the Masters, and having been hunting and fishing for a week while the mere mortals were in Pensacola, thought enough of the Tournament of Champions to go off and leave his two-iron and then laugh about it.

"You come here and kind of



GEIBERGER WON THE 1966 PGA BUT LITTLE SINCE

continued

Legal opinion.

(Plaintiff attorney awards bouquet to insurance company.)



An attorney for the plaintiff is not likely to be a booster of any insurance company. But listen to a comment from one who has spent 20 years representing plaintiffs.

"I want to compliment Employers Insurance on the handling of this case. I have never before had such a positive feeling that the *best interest of the injured claimant* was the precipitating factor in the various decisions made regarding the claim."

The claimant in this case suffered severe burns on his hands from contact with a 7,200 volt power line and was thrown from a height, sustaining fractures of both legs, a fractured ankle and a fractured back. Our policyholder, a power company, was clearly liable.

Our claims-rehabilitation team immediately arranged weekly compensation for the claimant — even though this was not a workmen's compensation case. We paid all medical bills, as *incurred*, relieving the claimant of financial worry. And a lifetime annuity was part of the ultimate settlement.

As an adversary, it is natural for a plaintiff attorney to challenge an insurance company's position. But Employers Insurance operates on the principle of doing *what is fair for the claimant*. If it takes extra work, faster action, additional medical consultations, we do it.

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GOLF *continued*

hope to play well because there's a lot of money to win," said Tom. "But if nothing happens in the first round or the second round, you just relax and have fun."

Weiskopf and his best pal, Ed Sneed, were on their way to get a facial.

"I'll tell you what kind of a place this is," said Weiskopf. "I got this earache, so I drove just down the road to a clinic. The doctor's name was Dr. Augusta. And somebody had a pet monkey in the office." Weiskopf laughed and quietly said to himself, "Oh boy, Southern California."

The other Masters loser, Johnny Miller, used most of the week to let his game languish. The Millers lived their usual quiet life at La Costa, being perfectly visible every day at breakfast in the main dining room trying to keep their children out of the creamed ham, but hardly wearing out the dance floor in the late afternoons or evenings to the strains of the Murray Arnold Trio. "Just because I wasn't cleaning or marking my ball doesn't mean I wasn't trying," said Miller, who finally got going on Sunday, shooting a 65 and finishing 15th.

Player's week was slightly different. As he expressed it, "This is an opportunity to work on your game."

Player had been in the country for four straight tournaments and, going into La Costa, had broken 70 only once. On Wednesday night he called his father-in-law in Johannesburg and asked what he was doing wrong. His father-in-law, Jack Verwey, told him: taking it back wrong. "That's it!" Gary said. He began hitting everything straight. On Saturday he had a 68, his best round of the year, and then, using Zebra, a putter given to him by old pro Bob Rosburg, he shot a 67 to get into the playoff against Geiberger. He left La Costa feeling it had been a profitable visit, \$23,700 worth.

Jack Nicklaus was apparently in no mood to do anything spectacular at La Costa. People think of Jack as being the only player who goes to the Tournament of Champions with a real desire to win. They think this, possibly, because he has won it four times and he doesn't overstay his welcome at the cocktail parties and in the clubhouse bar where the players mangle with the Dodge dealers from Escondido and the dancing ladies.

Jack played consistently well but he kept saying, "Nothing is happening out there where I'm concerned. I can't think of a single interesting thing to say about

the rounds I've been shooting here."

Nicklaus devoted much of his spare time to discussing business, and no doubt thinking ahead to the week when he will be infinitely more inspired, the week of the U.S. Open at Medinah, Ill.

Last week was also a good opportunity for the pros to dwell on some newly unannounced changes that will affect the 1976 tour. Two major things have happened. For one, starting next year, the tour will be divided into three segments—Winter, Spring and Summer—and champions of those segments will be awarded gold medals. They will also receive invitations to what is going to be a new World Series of Golf, which Commissioner Deane Beman hopes will become an event of considerable merit and attention as opposed to the four-man exhibition it has been.

The new World Series may have as many as 16 players and it will be rotated among a number of courses. The first eight invitees will be the winners of the Big Four, plus the winner of the new Tournament Players Championship, plus the Winter, Spring and Summer champions. The qualifications for the other spots remain a mystery.

Meanwhile, at La Costa, Weiskopf and Sneed, having nothing better to concern themselves with, sat in the bar one evening and came up with a formula. It is worth reporting to Deane Beman and it was of considerably more interest at the Tournament of Champions than how many aunts made peanut-butter sandwiches for Al Geiberger.

The other eight invitees to the World Series should be:

1. The first pro to get paired with Lon Nol in the Hawaiian Open Pro Am.
2. The man who hits the longest drive on the 8th hole at Inverrary.
3. Arnold Palmer.
4. Angelo Argea, Nicklaus' caddy.
5. Winner of the PGA's Qualifying School for Approved Tournament Players, providing he did not attend the University of Houston.
6. Ben Crenshaw, the leader in clothing ads.
7. Winner of the Masters' Par-3 Contest, providing he is not black.
8. A player to be selected by a special panel of Jack Nicklaus' business associates, if Nicklaus has not otherwise qualified.

But definitely not Al Geiberger. **END**

**I'd heard
enough to
make me
decide one
of two things:
quit or smoke True.**



I smoke True.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette.
Think about it.

100's Mild 10 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
King Regular 11 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Oct. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



All glitter, but some are truly golden

Having escaped the developer, a few of Georgia's barrier islands endure, wonderfully wild and wet

There are a great many visions, and places, we haven't words for. It is in our nature perhaps—our Corvette nature, our Pulsar nature, our Disney World Tomorrowland nature—to be

able to speak far more eloquently about sex and the movies than about wildernesses. We spend so much time inside our heads, marshaling abstractions, fondling our emotions, that we have no time for the world's uncluttered spaces and their peace. We fear silence. We have not become civilized, educated and free enough for silence. Or perhaps we can nerve ourselves for just a moment of it, with a martini as the sun goes down. Certainly too much stillness, with its connotation of death, is not a good thing. We're not here for long, we haven't much time.

We must make our mark, build our houses, take our recreation. The concept of "recreation" is a new one, and we love it. We've taken to the idea like puppies to pork chops. Land use has become an obsession. There's a developer on Hilton Head who refers to conservationists as "druids." For isn't it the developers with their slick hotels and condos and villas who really have our best interests at heart? They want us to have a little bit of tamed playground for our own, where we can watch the sea and the sky and maybe the last seabird flying home. We haven't much time. The developers make nature accessible, do they not? They're curbing the wilderness discreetly and at great expense. And then it is presented to us—the championship golf courses, the raked beaches, the sumptuous buffets. We take our city pleasures, our suburban pastimes along with us, and tell our friends we're getting away from it all.

It is still possible to get away from it all, on islands, for instance, islands that the spoilers have somehow overlooked. So far, in America our loveliest and most important islands could very well be those off the coast of Georgia. They are among the richest we have in terms of history and wildness. And more and more people are discovering them. Some people even hope to save them from being leveled into mere resorts.

Georgia's barrier islands—Cumberland, Jekyll, St. Simons, Sea Island, Sa-

pelo, St. Catharines, Ossabaw and Wassaw—were formed in a geological time when the sea level was much lower than now, perhaps by as much as 250 feet, a time when the continental shelf was the coastal plain. They are gorgeous islands, ringed with wetlands.

Half the marshes on the East Coast have been lost to pollution, sewage, dredging, filling, industrial effluent. There are those who still believe that saving marshes is a luxury. In fact, our estuaries produce 20 times as much food as the open sea, and more efficiently than any other ecosystem they combat man's insatiable desire to burn up the earth's store of fossil fuel, pollute the atmosphere, trap the earth's heat, melt the glaciers, flood the plains. Marshes produce much of the air we breathe, the living grasses and algae combining to release oxygen into the atmosphere, the drying grasses, feeding plankton, oysters, shrimp, clams, crabs and fish. It is an intricate, delicate, powerful world, anciently working, curing and correcting itself.

And here, on several of the south's "Golden Isles," the systems remain more or less untouched, although certainly not unthreatened. Shell middens, those ancient garbage heaps which preserve organic material such as seeds, fish and mammalian remains, provide a 3,500-year record of the natural environment of these islands. The wildness here is a treasure, a gift of the centuries. The land always has been desirable, coveted by the Indians, the Spanish, the English, slaveowners and wealthy Yankees. Few have possessed it for long.

St. Simons and Jekyll Island are pretty much ruined now. St. Simons with resorts and housing developments and Jekyll as a Georgia state park with a tourist- and convention-centered economy that has tidily boardwalked a good part of the beach. And on Sea Island is that grande dame of resortdom, The Cloisters. But Sapelo, Wassaw and particularly Ossabaw still retain their wildness.



Sapelo has the largest island-born black population and is the home of the Marine Institute of the University of Georgia. The blacks, many of them descendants of one of America's unique cultures, the Gullah, live in the haunting timeless ways of their mythology. Everything happened a long time ago on Sapelo. It is a silent place, rich in rhythms all but forgotten elsewhere in the world.

On Ossabaw these same rhythms of an unviolated land are preserved, and the opportunity to appreciate them is extended to more than a few, thanks to the attitudes of its owners, particularly Eleanor and Clifford West. Ossabaw is 43 square miles, bigger than Bermuda. It used to be a Creek Indian hunting preserve. Later it supported four flourishing plantations, producing indigo and sea-island cotton. Now nothing of that era remains except three tabby slave huts. The land has returned to the deer and heron, the red-shouldered hawk and the gigantic oaks covered with outrageously colored lichen and resurrection fern, a sanctuary where life continues and replenishes itself with a minimum of interference from man.

In the '20s Eleanor West's father, Dr. Henry Torrey, bought the island and constructed an estate on the north end, overlooking marshland and Ossabaw Sound where the Ogeechee flows into the Atlantic. In 1961 his daughter, wanting "to share Ossabaw in any way that won't destroy it," founded the Ossabaw Island Project. Although having the utmost respect for the land, the Wests have made Ossabaw accessible. This is no artists' colony, but certainly writers, painters and sculptors enjoy the hospitality of the big house, the working space and time provided, the delicious meals. Ossabaw also serves ecologists, botanists, historians, ichthyologists. It is an admirable employment of a land which should not be taken over, as some would wish, for recreation, development, use. There are deer, bear, turkey, wild Sicilian donkeys, sea turtles, rare woodpeckers, alligators, ibis. It is a place where in the silence one can hear the journeying of things.

They are special and vital to us, these barrier islands of Georgia, and going to them, the ones unpunished by man, is to return to the home we have long ago lost the words for.

END

Ballantine's Scotch

Good taste is why you buy it



1 21 Blended Scotch Whisky. Bottled in Scotland. 56 proof. Imported by 21 Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

Only one car maker in the world guarantees its engine for as long as the rotary-engine Mazda. Rolls-Royce.

The Mazda rotary-engine warranty states that the basic engine block and internal parts will be free of defects, with normal use and prescribed maintenance, for 50,000 miles or three years, whichever occurs first, or Mazda will fix it free. This non-transferable warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the continental United States.



RX-4 Hardtop

The RX-4 Wagon. The only thoroughly luxurious wagon today that combines room, comfort and smooth, quick, gutsy rotary-engine performance. A gem.



The RX-3. An automatic transmission, air conditioning and a radio are the Mazda RX-3's only factory options. Everything else is standard, including fantastic rotary-engine performance. Yet the RX-3 is the lowest priced rotary-engine Mazda. An RX-3 Wagon is available, too.



The RX-4. It makes you wonder if any other car in its class, is in its class. An extraordinarily comfortable, super-performing car. The most luxurious rotary-engine car ever built.



The Rotary Pickup. The world's first and only rotary-engine pickup. It's designed to outpull and outperform any other small pickup built today. It's the pickup with pickup.



Tough engine. Tough car.


Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU, 401-1971.

For the uninitiated, a relay carnival is track and field's answer to baggins, a dubious dish that surrounds its meaty morsels with a glut of unknown stuff. Consider last weekend's Penn Relays, at Franklin Field in Philadelphia: over 6,000 athletes, 136 events, more bison passes than Toscanini ever knew.

But folks are eager to sample this feast. 34,525 of them on Saturday, so much so that six people were arrested for selling counterfeit tickets, and it is perhaps ironic that the most impressive competitive effort of the meet was run on a counterfeit track. It came on the anchor leg of the 480-yard hurdle shuttle relay, staged not on the regular oval but on the stadium infield's AstroTurf, where the competitors could have more running room. Charles Foster, anchor for North Carolina Central, was sent off 15 yards behind Seton Hall's Reggie Blackshear. With an astonishing effort Foster caught Blackshear to give NCC the victory in 57.2 seconds. Splits on Foster's heroic performance into the wind—ranged from 13.2 to 13 flat. Later, running with a 10-mph wind at his back, Foster won the college high-hurdle final in 13.3, his comparative performances demonstrating once again the stimulus of adrenaline.

Beyond Foster, the meet belonged to Villanova, most particularly to a Villanova import from Ireland named Eamonn Coghlan. The 21-year-old Coghlan set new standards for performance and recuperation in leading the Wildcats to the distance medley, four-mile and two-mile relay championships. In so doing, he ran sub-four-minute miles on successive days and turned an 880 leg in 1:51.9.

On Friday, in a constant rain, Coghlan ran a 3:56.3—the fastest Penn Relay mile leg ever—to give Villanova the distance-medley title for the 10th year in a row. Ken Schappert (1:49.6 half mile), Greg Eckman (46.7 quarter) and Tom Gregan (2:55.6 three-quarters) preceded Coghlan in that order. The Wildcats' 9:28.2 is a meet record and a world "best," but it is not a world record because the four runners do not all hail from the same country.

Ever the competitor, Coghlan also defeated six teammates and his father, Billy,

In Philly the pace was blistering

Especially for Tony Waldrop,
who lost his shoe in the mile

Friday night in a Monopoly game. On Saturday, Eamonn's 3:59.6 anchor for Villanova's four-mile relay team made a laughter of that race, and he later helped the Wildcats take the two-mile title. That gave Villanova its 56th relay victory at Penn, the most for any school.

Along with Coghlan's stunning mile, the distance medley produced a familiar relay phenomenon: a runner starting off far behind who does something exceptional that few people notice and most do not learn about until the summaries are printed. Tony Colon of Manhattan ran a 3:57.6 lifetime best in his mile leg as he brought his team from ninth to fifth, but few paid heed.

All of this might have been just a pleasant prelude to the featured Ben Franklin Mile, had that event lived up to its promise as the highlight of the meet. It was a good, not great, race, won in a solid 3:57.7 by Wilson Waigwa, a 23-year-old Kenyan who attends the University of Texas, El Paso. Rick Wohlhuter, the Sullivan Award winner and 880-yard world-record holder, had been the favorite, although Tony Waldrop, who ran a 3:53.2 at the Penn Relays a year ago, had been working his way back into shape after a winter in competitive limbo.

Anticipating a Wohlhuter-Waldrop duel, the crowd had its hopes dashed 220 yards into the race. That's how far Waldrop ran with both shoes on his feet before losing his left one to the hot pursuit of England's Ray Smedley.

"He just caught my heel," Waldrop said. "It wasn't his fault, it wasn't my fault, it's just something that can hap-

pen when you're jostled around in a race."

Hotheaded though he was ("I got to sliding and grabbing with one shoe"), Waldrop stayed in contention through the first three laps, hard on the pace of Reggie McAfee and Wohlhuter as the split timer called "3:01.8." Waldrop even began an early kick along the backstretch of the final lap before Waigwa burst out of the six-man pack going into the last turn. Wohlhuter went with him, but the wind gusting into the runners' faces on the homestretch was too much for the 135-pound Wohlhuter to handle. He finished two yards behind Waigwa in 3:58.1, while Waldrop, despite a hubcap-sized blister on his left foot, was a strong third in 3:58.9. Waigwa ran his last lap in a fast 55.4.

"I wanted to try to finish quickly," Waigwa said. "I wanted to find out if I have a good kick because I haven't done any intervals at all."

Wohlhuter, 26, a Chicago insurance salesman, is an athlete of heroic ambition. Next year he wants to make the U.S. Olympic team, not only at 800 meters, the distance he has owned for more than a year, but also at 1,500 meters. The only man to win the Olympic 800-1,500 double in the last 55 years was Peter Snell in 1964.

"I'm sure I'll go to the Olympic Trials in both events, so I've got nothing to lose," Rick said Saturday morning. "The 800 falls first and then there's a day or so of rest followed by the 1,500. If I qualify, I'll most likely run both in the Games. I'll just have to see how I handle the mile this year and next."

After his Ben Franklin defeat he said, "What I've learned to date is that I'm the best American miler, but that isn't good enough to win some of these meets. I'm pleased, frankly, with my effort. It's early for me. Waigwa trains in Texas and he's got a slight weather edge at this point. He got too much jump on me, I guess. I came around and was gaining on him, but that wind. . . ."

Waldrop also found cause for cheer. "I think I could have run faster with two shoes," he said, "but it did me good as far as my confidence is concerned just to get back into things." **END**

They really smell a rat

As a test of their mettle, terriers are scored on how fast they get at a pair of caged rats, and on the rumpus they raise going down the drain

An unusual event occurred at a place with an unlikely name in upstate New York last Saturday. The event was a trial of the American Working Terrier Association; the place, Toad Farm in Germantown, the country residence of Hal Davis, commercial photographer, classic car collector and terrier enthusiast.

The trial was open to all terrier breeds and dachshunds small enough to enter a nine-inch drain constructed of plywood and pine planks and buried in a field. Having entered the drain, or "gone to earth" in terrier terminology, a dog was then expected to show his (or her) mettle by barking, growling, digging, whining or biting at the cage protecting the live quarry, a pair of hooded rats, a black-and-white laboratory strain selected because of its superior squeaking, hyper-

active scuttling and compelling aroma—at least to terriers.

Given the chilling winds that swept down from the Catskills across the Hudson after two days of soaking rain, the crowd was understandably small, perhaps a couple of dozen handlers and spectators at best, but all were keen to applaud the muffled barks, yelps, howls and other atavistic sounds that emanated from beneath the turf. They looked like a scrambled computer listing of subscribers to *Vogue*, *The Journal of Wildlife Management* and *Partisan Review*, and their dialogue might have come from a script written by Lyndon Johnson and Evelyn Waugh.

One owner was Garth Gillan, a long-haired, bearded associate professor of philosophy from Southern Illinois University and breeder of hunting Norwich

terriers, and there was at least one other professor on hand, John Jeanneney, a historian at Long Island's Hofstra University, who ran, with some success, wire-haired dachshunds of German stock that are used to hunt wild boar in the old country.

Presiding over the trial was Patricia Adams Lent of Penn Yan, N.Y., a private-school English teacher, breeder of milking shorthorn cattle and lakeland and cairn terriers and prime mover in the American Working Terrier Association, which she helped found in 1971. She is also the author of *Sport with Terriers*, not simply the standard reference but the only book on the subject. A sensible-boots sort, Mrs. Lent wore jeans, a blue windbreaker and a brooch with the AWTa crest (crossed pick and shovel surmounted by a quartered shield with three rats passant, a fox and woodchuck couchant and a muskrat, *à la bar*), and she addressed one and all in suitably down-to-earth fashion. Ecologically, poisons for vermin were "no good short range or long range," Mrs. Lent said, but for a farmer, terriers were ideal for killing rats, opossum, skunks and other marauders of henhouse and barn.

The first class to be run at Toad Farm was the novice, group A for puppies, group B for dogs older than a year. The drain or artificial earth for this test was only 10 feet long, and the handler was to carry the entry to a blue flag set eight paces from the opening. Upon a signal from the judge, the handler was to set the dog down. "Start using a command," Mrs. Lent advised newcomers. "It can be, 'Go get 'em.' We had a woman who came to a trial, and she said, 'Kill!'" There was laughter, Mrs. Lent continued. "A man who came to the trial at Woodstock, Vt. last year said, 'Get the Germans!'" More laughter. At another trial a man with a cairn terrier that wasn't doing well said to Mrs. Lent, "Gee, he does so much better when he is out hunting." Mrs. Lent asked, "What do you do then?" With that, the man flopped on the ground, stuck his head in the drain and started barking.

To lure the dogs into the



PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR GARTH GILLAN GROWLS ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIS NORWICH TERRIER

continued

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DOGS continued

earth, the den master at the trial, Mrs. Teddy Moritz, a New Jersey game biologist, dipped a long stick in a bucket containing mink scent and swabbed the earth as if it were some giant sore throat. "We were unable to get muskrat scent today," Mrs. Lent announced. "If the dog smells mink, goes in and says, 'Hmms, rat,' it really doesn't make any difference." Each novice dog was given a minute by stopwatch to reach the caged quarry, for a maximum of 50 points; then another 50 points for working the caged rats for a minimum of 30 seconds. Points were deducted for verbal encouragement, but some handlers urged their dogs on anyway so they would get the idea of going to ground. The first novice puppy, Drossel von Mossbach, an 11-month-old dachshund bitch handled by Professor Jeannemy, immediately went to ground upon release, popped out, went back in, popped out again and then returned to reach the cage within the required minute. She then barked for 30 seconds, winning a first-place trophy with 100 points.

Outstanding in the Novice B was a 6-year-old Jack Russell terrier, Hamilton Kipper, owned and handled by Mrs. H. L. Crawford III of Gladstone, N.J. Kipper was typical of this very aggressive breed which has extraordinary in status in both the U.S., where it is relatively unknown, and the British Isles, where it is very popular.

Looking somewhat like a stumpy-legged fox terrier, the Jack Russell is named after a 19th-century sporting parson who originated the breed, and it has become a dog of legend, supposedly able to leap a six-foot fence at a single bound and fearlessly pursue fox or badger in the depths of a lair. Mrs. Crawford cautioned onlookers not to touch Kipper should he stray their way, but the temptation (or threat) never arose as he speedily went to ground.

Whatever breed worked, Jack Russell, cairn, Bedlington or Border, Mrs. Lent was ready at the wooden lift-up lid at the end of the earth to offer either cooing words to a pup—"What's in there? Oh, rats! Look at those rats! Nice girl!" or up-to-the-second commentary to onlookers on the status of the rats—"They're moving around. They're swell!" Howard Cosell should do so well.

During the luncheon break there was a discussion of the possible use of terriers to control rats in city slums where

they have been known to gnaw infants to death in their cribs. A good working terrier would not only kill rats quickly—the alltime record belongs to Jenny Lind, an English bull terrier bitch which in 1853 dispatched 800 rats in an hour and a half in The Beehive, a Liverpool pub—but gave hope to ghetto dwellers that they could change their environment for the better.

After lunch dogs in the Open class went to work. The handler was allowed only one command once the dog was set down, and the dog had to run a 30-foot earth against the stopwatch. Drossel, the 11-month-old dachshund bitch, and Carla, a 10-year-old wire-hair dachshund also owned by Jeannemy, both earned the Certificate of Gaiety, as did Hamilton Kipper and Leo, a 9-year-old Jack Russell handled by the host, Hal Davis. Davis had bought Leo as a pup in Wales for \$25 while on a photographic assignment. Leo shot in the drain at once, and he was so reluctant to leave the caged rats that Davis, flat on his stomach, had to try several times to extract him from the earth. Finally Leo deigned to emerge.

The top class of all, the Certificate, was next. Awards in this class are given only to dogs that score 100%, and should several dogs in one breed do so, only the dog with the quickest time to quarry wins. As ever, Mrs. Lent was to the point. Of an Australian terrier that came to the blue flag, she said: "Good luck. The last couple of trials she's really blown it." The Aussie blew it again, not even going to ground. Four dogs won the Highest Scoring in Breed Award: Mrs. Lent's cairn, Taffy, Sally Robson's lakeland, MacDougall; Jeannemy's Drossel, and Davis' Leo, who beat out Hamilton Kipper. Indeed, Leo made it to the rats in only seven seconds, the second-fastest time in AWT history.

The meeting at Toud Farm was the second of the year, and other trials are scheduled across the country from Maine to California. Although the AWT now has members coast to coast (and in Australia, Argentina, England and Canada as well), it is not affiliated with the American Kennel Club. As an association statement puts it, "It is still much too soon to consider such a move." What is important, Mrs. Lent emphasized, is that "people now want to get out and do something with their dogs, and we think this is a healthy kind of thing."

Down, boy. Down, boy.

END



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Red Sox rookie Centerfielder Fred Lynn was charged with a borderline error last week when his throw to home bounced twice and the catcher couldn't get a grip on it. "I didn't like that," says Lynn sadly. "I'd like to not have any errors. Now I have one."

Boston fans, not being completely crazy, are willing to overlook that lapse. After all, Lynn hit the first pitch thrown to him this season, bingó, off Fenway Park's center-field wall, and at week's end he was batting .381—fair enough for the lad who hit .419 in 15 Red Sox games last September—and was among the American League leaders in home runs and RBIs. He had already thrown out the remarkable total of six runners in '75 (five in spring training, but still . . .), and the other day against the Orioles he made a running, diving, reaching-across-the-body catch that had thousands of Bostonians whooping and squealing. And although he hasn't shown a great stealer's quickness, he has proved to be fast and smart on the bases. Aside from the one imperfect throw, he hasn't made a mistake, or even looked like he might make a mistake, anywhere on the field.

Fred Lynn, then, is hot—can't-miss, do-it-all hot—and people are comparing him to everyone but A. Sommers Day. They are saying he resembles Tommy Henrich, or "a left-handed Al Kaline," or Stan Musial, or even, as someone said on the Boston radio recently, "No. 9," which is to say Ted Williams. Most frequently, though, they are calling him "a young Yaz," a rather poignant appellation, considering that some of the people who are calling him that are booing the old one.

"People bring up Williams and Musial," says the 23-year-old Lynn in a tone of true-enough modesty. "I never saw those guys play. I don't know."

Standing there in the dugout-to-clubhouse runway, talking, Lynn seems quite pleasant and chipper, but not sensational. He is 6'1", weighs 185 pounds and looks smaller; there is no hint of bulk or tower. He bats and throws left, has brown hair, brown eyes and no nickname and is married to the former Diane May Minkie. Not only is he comparable to his famous teammate, Carl Yastrzemski, as a potent line-drive hitter, but "people say I look like Yaz in the face," Lynn chuckles. He glances at Yaz, who is walking

Kid whiz hefts Hub halo

And it's looking better every day as Fred Lynn, 23—line-drive belter, surehanded outfielder—auditions as Boston Red Sox savior, 1975 style

by Yaz, 35, does not respond. A lady is supposed to have told Cary Grant once that he didn't look like Cary Grant. What Cary Grant said to her in reply, the story goes, was, "Nobody does."

But if anybody is ever going to look like the deliverer whom dedicated, oft-disappointed, doggedly impatient Red Sox fans demand—and have been demanding more and more ever since Yastrzemski filled the role in the team's last pennant year, '67—it may be Lynn. He does resemble Yaz, and also Musial, facially, and he has what pitchers see in nightmares: "a live bat."

That is the phrase used by former Sox slugger and scamp Ken Harrelson, now a TV colorman. "Some guys are strong as 12 rows of onions," says Harrelson. "They overpower the ball, but their bats aren't live and the ball just flares off them. Fred can catch it on the tip end of the bat and it'll still go through the infield—hot. The ball jumps off. His stroke is *rhar long*." Here Harrelson holds his hands some 12 inches apart, to express how short—that is to say how compressed, efficient, nonflailing, mystically economical—is Lynn's assault on the wily and forceful pitched ball.

"He does everything right," says Harrelson. "The two best-looking ballplayers I've seen when they first came up are Fred Lynn and Reggie Jackson—and Reggie still hasn't really become what he looked like he would."

Who has? Certainly Red Sox prodigies seldom do, and their fans let them know it. The standard boomer's assumption, when the Sox lose, is that they are overpaid and pampered by Owner Tom Yawkey and do not always put out as hard as the boomer would in their shoes—or even as hard as the boomer does, booing, in his seat. It often seems that a Sox fan takes real and sustaining pleasure in a game that will enable him to say after-

ward, "Yaz looked very bad. Bad. Very bad."

Last year in the stretch the Sox folded like a dropped concertina. This year it appeared that their fans might be spared another such collapse only because the team didn't figure to stay in contention so long. The Orioles and the Yankees appeared to be the Eastern Division's real powers. The Red Sox had big names, but three of them were Yaz, who at his age

continued



LYNN IS LIKENED TO YAZ, EVEN NO. 9

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BASEBALL *continued*

can hardly be expected to play at his '67 triple crown pitch, especially after he sprained an ankle recently; Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli, who is also up into his 30s and has been sidelined with an arm injury; and Tony Conigliaro, 30, who is trying to make a comeback after being out of baseball for three and a half years because of the lingering effects of a traumatic eye injury. Tony C. says his doctor has told him that "the hole in your eye I told you you would have for the rest of your life is . . . gone," but the former phenom has already pulled a groin muscle running. Last week in batting practice he was popping the ball up and saying sarcastically to himself, "Oh, that's fine. That's just fine."

Catcher Carlton Fisk, an established star at 27, is out with a broken arm, and for pitchers the Sox must rely primarily upon a couple of interesting characters. Luis Tiant is a Cuban who turns his back on the batter before delivering and who yells at opponents such things as, "You the ugliest Hawaiian I ever saw." Bill Lee is a Southern Californian who once helped the ground crew smooth the infield halfway through a game he was pitching and who likes to hit fungoes to himself. With so many older batting stars hurt, the job of supporting these eccentrics offensively has fallen to such extreme youngsters as Rightfielder Dwight (Dewey) Evans, 23, Designated Hitter Jim Rice, 22, and Lynn.

The year was shaping up as one in which Boston fans might have had to learn compassion and restraint. But Evans has looked very solid in his third full season. Rice is hitting well to justify the fact that the Sox organization has always considered him to be even more promising than Lynn. And Lynn is tearing up the league.

So, with decent pitching, the Sox jumped off to a good start, beating New York and Baltimore four out of five on the road and returning home last week in first place. That gave the home folks every excuse they needed to be perversely gratified by what followed: quick 12-1 and 5-0 losses to the Yankees. Yaz, his average down around .220, was booed for walking, for lining out, even for coming up to bat. The pitchers also heard critical noises. Even Lynn, though he was regularly accorded applause, could do no better in those two games than bat .333.

Comes the third and last game of the series. Catfish Hunter seems to have

come to the right place for his first victory of the year. Going into the seventh inning, Hunter has been hurt by Evans' homer and double and Rice's booming double off the famous high, close, green left-field wall, but he is leading 7-3 and has held Lynn to a ground-out and two walks.

The first few minutes of the seventh inning are eventful. A blue balloon drifts over the field and holds up play for a good while, to the apparent satisfaction of most of the fans, as the plate umpire waits for it to come down. It never does, finally floating off over Jersey Avenue. Then a fight breaks out in the stands that lasts long enough to bring the Yankee bench warmers, who have a bad angle on it, out of their dugout for a better view. When everyone settles back to watch the game, they notice that not only have the balloon and the most prominent scufflers departed, but so has Hunter, and the Sox have a run in, two men on and Yaz up.

There follows an awkward, or tentative, moment. After the game a fan will explain, "People were thinking, 'Well, maybe he'll hit one. Maybe we better not.'" But they do, they go ahead and boo Yaz a little, and as he takes three big swings and sits down the booing grows in confidence until it drowns out the undertone of encouragement. Yaz doesn't have the swing he used to. "Gosh," says the same fan, "it's great to hear Yaz booed like that."

And here comes the cleanup hitter, Lynn, to face the pitcher he calls the toughest he's faced, Yankee lefthander Sparky Lyle. A curve is high, and then Lynn doesn't look too good, missing a breaking ball low and away. Now Lyle gets a second strike on him. Let's see what the kid is made of.

He is made, in large part, at least so far, of line drives. He bats one up the middle to score a run, and then Rice drives in another with a single, and then Catcher Bob Montgomery doubles the two of them in with the tying and go-ahead runs.

Great cheers for these two young men. Lynn grew up in Southern California playing in the street with his father every evening. Fred was a slap hitter in Little League, "but then I found my swing, and my hands went right down to the end of the bat. My father used to plead with me, 'Just choke up a little.' But I had my swing. I've never changed it. I never will." Rice grew up in Anderson, S.C. playing ball with his brother. "I've

never worked on anything," Rice says. "It just came naturally. Just gifted."

In the eighth the Sox load the bases, Yaz comes up, is booed heartily, pops up on the first pitch, and then Lynn hits off the tip end of his bat a smart grounder just inside third base, a double that scores three runs. When you are going good, everything works. The final score was 11-7 Red Sox and they were back in first place until the Tigers sprang on them later in the week.

"How do you feel," Yaz was asked before the game, "when people call Lynn 'a young Yaz'?"

How is he supposed to feel? For one thing, old. But he says, "I haven't thought about it. You can only be yourself."

In Lynn's case so far, that's something.

THE WEEK

(April 20-26)

by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST During spring training St. Louis Reliever Al Hrabosky told a TV announcer the Chicago Cubs were "Teddy bears." Last week they cuffed Hrabosky around, handing him his first defeat since June 1974. "When we scored the winning run," said Chicago's Rick Monday, "25 Teddy bears got up and yelled."

Chicago was just as overbearing against Philadelphia. A normally slick-fielding shortstop, Larry Bowa, let a grounder roll through his legs, allowing the go-ahead run to score in a 4-1 defeat. Steve Stone scattered eight hits for his third win. The game left Philie Sportscaster Richie Ashburn, well, ash. "If Stone beats the Phillies today," Ashburn had said, "I'll feel like grabbing a bat myself." All in all, the Cubs won four in a row after losing three straight.

Pittsburgh's pitfall was left-handed pitching. Montreal Manager Gene Mauch bypassed a right-handed starter, Steve Rogers, to throw Woodie Fryman and Dave McNally at the Pirates. Fryman shut them out for the second time in a row 5-0—the first pitcher since Christy Mathewson to do so—and McNally beat them 4-3. Montreal's left-handers are 5-0, but its right-handers are 0-8. The Pirates weren't worried—or were they? "If you're a good hitter," said Al Oliver, "it shouldn't make any difference how they throw." In Oliver's opinion, his teammates were overwining.

Winning five straight and climbing from

sixth to second, New York was the only unbeaten team last week. John Matlack won twice, Randy Tate once and Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman pitched complete games as hitting support (a six-run average) finally materialized. Ed Kranepool, Del Unser, Dave Kingman, Jerry Grote and Felix Millan all batted better than .300. Even when they gave Matlack just three hits, the Mets beat Montreal 3-3, thanks to the five walks Rogers gave up. "I can't remember so many runs with so few hits," said Matlack. "I can only remember the games we got 10 hits and two runs."

QBR 11-6 NY 7-5 PITT 7-6

PHIL 5-9 STL 4-9 MONT 2-8

NL WEST Andy Messersmith, who really does do it all, tied a major league pitcher's record with three doubles to give Los Angeles a 6-5 win over San Francisco. That was fortunate, because the injury-ridden Dodgers needed hitting wherever they could get it. Ken McMullen provided another welcome surprise by striking a pinch-hit grand slam to help beat San Diego 11-6.

The front-running Padres won for the second time on national TV, for whatever that's worth, and drew a club-record average of 22,685, which is worth plenty. When they weren't getting wins from youngsters, they got one from 38-year-old Sonny Siebert, who stopped the Braves 5-3. "We've played every team in the West," said Manager John McNamara, "and I think we've proved that we are competitive." Most competitive of all was Outfielder Dave Winfield, who had five homers and 14 RBIs in the first 16 games and was hitting .377.

Another record of sorts was set in Cincinnati, where an umpire, Ed Vargo, finally had enough courage to call an obvious base-running interference. When the Reds' Merv Rettenmund slid far out of his way to up-end Houston Shortstop Roger Metzger, Vargo ruled an automatic completion of the double play. Cincinnati protested the game, won 6-4 by the Astros, who otherwise were the least successful team in baseball.

Day after day the Reds were awash in excitement. By the time Atlanta's Sugar Bear Blanks beat Don Gullett 5-4 on an 11th-inning double, the Reds had played 11 one-run games in 17 outings. "I feel as if the season is eight-tenths over," said Manager Sparky Anderson. Joe Morgan won a game with his base running, and Johnny Bench drove in nine runs in three games.

Atlanta had baseball's hottest pitcher in Carl Morton (5-0) and a sizzling slugger in Darrell Evans (two homers, eight RBIs, .467 average). Morton beat the Dodgers 3-2 and the Padres 6-4. Said Third Baseman Evans, "I'm seeing the ball so good it looks like a volleyball."

continued

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BASEBALL *continued*

Hot-and-cold San Francisco fell 17,000 behind last year's poor attendance pace, perhaps because the Giants were 3-6 at home. Even the Giants' fastest pitcher, John D'Aquisto, got roughed up, 13-3 by the Dodgers. "We'll make some breaks," said Manager Wes Westrum. For the franchise's sake, the Giants had better hurry.

SD 10-6 LA 11-8 ATL 10-8
CIN 10-10 SF 8-8 HOUS 6-14

AL WEST

People who shoot for A's can wind up failures. That was the lesson of 1974, when Kansas City, picked to contend, pressed and finished fifth. "We set our sights on Oakland and it was a mistake," says Manager Jack McKeon, "but it's going to be different this year. We've matured." Mature wasn't quite the word for the Royals as they brought their latest act to Chicago. Nelson Briles had taken to barking like a dog on occasion, and George Brett wore eyeglasses with battery-powered windshield wipers. "We're the first-place Kansas City Royals," John Mayberry chanted out the bus window. "We got Steve Busby, we got A.G. [Amos Ous], we got Harmon Killebrew." And, inserted Buck Martinez, "We got the Oakland A's." The Royals were promptly punished with four straight defeats by Chicago and Oakland. "Things are going to change," said Vada Pinson. Then he tripled, homered and scored four runs as the Royals beat Chicago 8-6 and stayed in first.

Texas Manager Billy Martin, pressuring his Rangers to overtake Oakland, has lost 15 pounds, and his players have lost their poise. "Errors, pitchers getting the ball stuck in the webbing of their gloves, balks, everything is happening," said Martin. "A guy couldn't stay at home at night and try to dream up more ways to get beat." The solution was to leave home, where Texas is 1-7, and go on the road (6-2), where Ferguson Jenkins tossed a two-hitter and Jackie Brown pitched a five-hit shutout.

When Nolan (The Franchise) Ryan was lost for a turn with a strained right triceps tendon, critics wrote off California for the week. Instead, Billy Singer, Andy Hassler and Frank Tanana got wins, and the Angels remained in third. Meanwhile, the A's continued to find reasonable facsimiles of Calish Hunter, who was still struggling in New York, as Glenn Abbott recorded two victories. An earlier pitching hero, rookie Mike Neenan, suffered an elbow injury, and Manager Alvin Dark said, "If he can't pitch in two weeks, God will provide." So far, Providence had been more than kind.

Chicago's Jim Kaat won his ninth straight game over two seasons, beating Kansas City 7-3, but Minnesota could do nothing right. Bert Blyleven blew a 3-0 lead in the ninth, the Rangers hit two home runs over the

Twins' left-field fence, which had been shortened 16 feet to reward Minnesota power, and weather and attendance were lousy.

KC 10-8 OAK 15-7 CAL 5-7
TEX 7-8 CIN 8-10 MINN 6-10

AL EAST

"Everybody keeps saying, 'We're going to do it,'" said New York Pitcher Rudy May. "How far can it go?" George Medich can't pitch every day. At the time the Yankees were 2-7, with both wins from Medich. Finally they began doing it, getting four wins in five games. May and Medich had one victory apiece and Pat Dobson two, while Roy White, Bobby Bonds and Ron Blomberg each hit two homers. By week's end the Yankees were so confident they let TV's El Exigente (The Demanding One) throw out the first ball before a game against Milwaukee at Shea Stadium. Dobson threw coffee beans past the Brewers and beat them 10-1.

Earlier in the week, Milwaukee's Mr. Demanding, Henry Aaron, removed himself—and his .114 average—from the lineup for the first time in his 21-year career and became a designated hitter. Three days later a rejuvenated Henry broke up Dobson's shut-out with his 735th home run.

Cleveland's Frank Robinson benched himself temporarily to deal with some pressing managerial concerns. One was Charlie Spikes, in the midst of his worst slump. "I have to laugh at myself," said Spikes. "I have no runs batted in, no homers and only a couple of hits in 35 at bats." Unsmiling, Robinson warned Spikes against trying to pull, and the outfielder went 2 for 4 against Baltimore. Concern No. 2 was Jim Perry, who criticized Robby for taking out his pitchers without betaking himself to the mound. Robinson began removing starters himself. His best friend was new buddy Gaylord Perry, who five-hit the Orioles 3-0 for his third win.

It hardly seemed surprising that Baltimore's Jim Palmer should beat Milwaukee 1-0 or that Bobby Grich should win it for Palmer with a homer. But lo, Palmer revealed that his 131st win was his first by a 1-0 score. "I've been in 1-0 games as the loser," said Palmer. "Any time you win a 1-0 game, you've got to be lucky. There are just too many variables." Grich, by the way, had homered with a sore wrist.

Detroit's pitching was as baffling as its first-place record. Joe Coleman, of whom much was expected, was 0-3, but Mickey Lolich and Lerrin LaGrow, both terrible in spring training, were terrors (5-0 combined). Only Reliever John Miller, who has allowed four hits and no runs in 9½ innings, was true to form.

DET 7-8 MIL 7-8 BOS 7-7
BALT 8-8 CLEV 8-6 NY 8-8

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The Indiana Pacers brought a lot of vaudeville and a touch of class to the finals of the ABA Western Division playoffs last week. On the sidelines they conducted a mock hanging and a funeral, in the stands their fans rocked to the moves of a pep squad called Dancing Harry and the PaceMates and in the frontcourt they displayed a nifty rookie with amazing grace and a dancing bear of a superstar. The effect was hardly entertaining to the Denver Nuggets, the favorites for the ABA title and a team with a mile-high attitude now in danger of falling off its mountain.

The combination of high jinks and high-caliber forward play resulted in a 3-2 edge for Indiana in the best-of-seven series. Even Denver's emergency call to Robota The Rent-A-Witch on Sunday failed. The Nuggets were looking for magic, but the Pacers knew all the tricks. During the fourth period they got six straight baskets from George McGinnis, including a pair of three-pointers, that broke the game open, and then some deceptive moves from silky rookie Billy Knight to keep it that way. The two Indiana forwards finished with 55 points in the 109-90 win. Outside the Denver Auditorium-Arena it was snowing. Inside the Nuggets were crying.

A week earlier the usually charged-up Nuggets began the playoffs with a win, but their play turned desultory after that. They fell behind 2-1. Then they got a boost from Byron Beck, a 6'9", 30-year-old forward. Beck is one of 12 remaining players from the ABA's first season (1967-68), and his teammates call him "Did Man" because he looks like a 1950 Buick that never has been put in the garage. "I know I look 38," says Beck, understating his case. "When I was in junior college people thought I was 30."

Fortunately for the Nuggets, Beck's jumper is not wan or wrinkled. During a 12-minute stretch in the second half of the fourth game he made eight of 11 shots and, more important, sent McGinnis to the bench in foul trouble, enabling the Nuggets to score a 126-109 victory that seemed to put them back in control of the series. "This team is just like a fist," said Beck with premature confidence. "When things get tough, we close together." Back in Denver two days later, the fist lost its grip.

The Pacers, who had won the ABA

Going forward all the way

The Pacers' young front line took them to a surprising playoff lead



McGINNIS WRECKED A RIM AND DENVER

championship two of the previous three years, came into the series with a history of reaching their apex in the playoffs. Still, Denver was favored because it had run away with the Western Division championship, winning 65 of 84 regular-season games. Even though Indiana had finished third, 20 games behind the Nuggets, the Western finals did not shape up as a mismatch. Discounting a slow start during which the Pacers tried a myriad of lineups and forgetting a stumbling ending after they had their playoff spot wrapped up, Indiana won 41 of 66 games. And during the regular season Denver had been unable to stop 6'7" Forward Knight, the Pacers' No. 1 draft pick from Pitt. He had averaged 26.5 points, shot 55%, and floated through the air like a hang glider against the Nuggets.

Even with Knight on hand, the pace-maker for Indiana remains the 6'8" McGinnis, who is built like a Patton tank and packs just about as much firepower. The Nuggets could have used Audie Murphy armed with a bazooka in the first game at Denver, as McGinnis scored 39 points and bent one of the basket rims with a slam dunk. McGinnis' career record now includes three broken rims,

which helps to explain the trepidation opponents feel when the 230-pounder careers downcourt. "Rims bend, bones break," shrugs McGinnis.

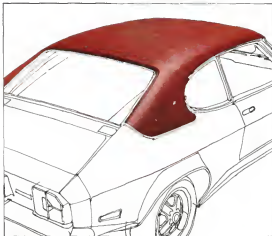
Still, the Nuggets won the opener 131-128, proving again that their house is not a home for visitors. The victory ran their record on the Denver court this year to 44-2.

The home-court magic failed in the second game, even though McGinnis complained of feeling weak, perhaps from excess rim bending. He said it was the mile-high altitude, but Indiana Coach Slick Leonard had other ideas. He checked the locker room for traces of kryptonite. McGinnis played only 27 minutes, but Knight and Bill Keller more than took up the slack in the 131-124 win. Knight, who scored 44 points on 18 of 22 shots, repeatedly was left open by Denver's double-up defense and received passes for easy shots underneath. Keller had 21 points in 23 minutes, giving the whirling 5'10" guard 43 points in 46 minutes in two games.

Denver was shocked by the loss of its treasured home-floor advantage, and the Nuggets were almost jolted again traveling to Indianapolis for the third and

continued

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PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

fourth games. They ran into a violent electrical storm that dribbled their plane across the sky. Coach Larry Brown is normally a light drinker and smoker, but suddenly he was taking jittery puffs on a cigar and asking the stewardess to keep his wine glass filled. "I change my coaching habits when we're playing thunder and lightning," whispered the ABA's Coach of the Year.

And the loss had made him more distressed than usual over the Nuggets' missed opportunity to add All-League Forward Willie Wise to their roster early in the season. Wise eventually signed with Virginia, and Brown was so openly infuriated with Denver's principal owner, Frank Goldberg, that he almost lost his job. "Goldberg said he offered Wise more money than most people make in a lifetime," said Brown. "What's that mean? A lot of people don't make \$100,000 in a lifetime. Goldberg was gambling we could win without Wise."

In Indiana the Pacers and a whole stateful of fans were waiting for the Nuggets. Their motto was "Hang 'Em a Mile High." The club's switchboard operators were answering the phone with that salutation, and it seemed everybody was wearing a button proclaiming the slogan.

For Game Three 15,496 people poured into Market Square Arena. Before the tip-off a mock funeral was held and an effigy of a Nugget was lowered from a catwalk. The PaceMates, a group of pistol-toting, spangled cowgirls who dance at games, paraded with wanted posters of the Denver players. And then there was the ubiquitous Dancing Harry, the itinerant hooper who first surfaced on the sidelines of Baltimore Bullet games years ago. Since then he has been with more teams than Rick Mount.

Harry's picture was on the cover of the Pacers' playoff program, and for the third game he was dressed in a gold lamé cape and gloves, a feathered cap trimmed with two rows of white fur, a gold turtleneck shirt and brown high-heeled shoes. By the end of the game, Harry and a surfeit of rock music had people dancing in the aisles. At one point he grabbed the public address microphone to urge everyone to return for the fourth game to see him and the Pacers again. All that was missing was a trained seal with an ABA ball on its nose.

"I think it's great," said Leonard. "We had a wrestling bear at halftime of one game and the fans loved that, too. I

know I'd hate to have Harry put his famous whammy on me."

The Nuggets were having as much trouble with Knight's shots as they were with Harry's whammy. He scored 16 of his 26 points in the second half, two of them big baskets at the end. The first came when McGinnis drove, and the Nuggets swarmed him. Mac hit a wide-open Knight for a jumper. The second occurred when the rookie broke between Denver Center Mike Green and Forward Bobby Jones and scored a shovel shot that gave Indiana a five-point lead with a minute left and sealed a 118-112 win.

"George can see me so well and get the ball to me so quickly that all I have to do is keep moving," said Knight, whose performance was amazing for a player who was so erratic during the regular season that he did not receive a vote for Rookie of the Year.

At a brief workout the next day Brown changed his defensive strategy, ordering his players to sag, jam the middle and play McGinnis man-to-man. It was a wise move, since Indiana has one of the best and deepest young front lines in basketball. Joining McGinnis and Knight are 6'9½" rookie Center Len Elmore, who scored 22 points in Game Three, and Darnell Hillman, who had 22 points in the first half of Game Four, many of them on shots from across the street. Indiana was on top 64-61 at halftime.

Then of Beck went on his scoring spree and brought the Nuggets into the lead midway through the third quarter. His continued hot shooting, along with Green's swishing jumpers and the rebounding of Jones kept Denver ahead the rest of the way.

Before the game the Nuggets were given a telegram signed by 16,700 fans, reaffirming their support. The next day a group of 1,000 backers showed up at the airport to welcome them home. Young Indiana would surely fade now. There was plenty of laughter when the club hired Robosa, who arrived complete with broom, to stir a cauldron at mid-court before Sunday's game. She even stuck pins into a poster of McGinnis.

But George was no donkey. While he went on his deadly fourth-quarter shooting spree, Denver was in the midst of one of its worst periods this year. The Nuggets hit on only six of 25 shots during the quarter, a collapse that indicated hexes apparently don't work as well as whammies.

END

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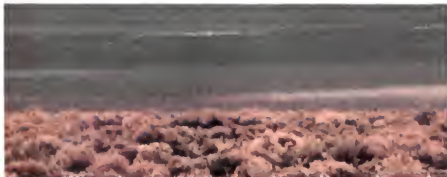
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WILD WEST SHOWDOWN





Looking out the living-room window of her hilltop house near Reno, Velma Johnston says, "I'm 5'6", 104 pounds, a 62-year-old widow and I'm tired and over-worked, but I'm unbelievably tough." Velma Johnston is the heroine of what may well be the final epic Wild West drama. As Wild Horse Annie, she is commander in chief of a crusade to save the last of America's wild mustangs, a saga complete with shotgun blasts, screaming planes, heavy politics, spies and the blood of men and horses.

When Wild Horse Annie answers the door at home it is with a .38 in hand. Anonymous callers phone to tell her, "You'd better lay off, sister." And there are threats that "a tree limb is waiting here for you." In large measure, her battle is foolhardy, for she is greatly outnumbered, woefully underfinanced and totally dedicated to fighting according to the loftiest ethical standards.

Wild Horse Annie is a nickname she got 20 years ago. It was intended to ridicule her but it has merely added an

continued



aura of romance to her campaign. Siding with her are a handful of staunch supporters and a Kiddle Cavalry of thousands of school children, most of whom have never seen a wild horse. Annie has instilled in her followers the belief that the mustangs are a national heritage, that they should be granted protection and spared the savage treatment they frequently suffer before they are ground up for pet food and fertilizer.

Aligned against Annie's organization—Wild Horse Organized Assistance (WHOA!)—is a vast phalanx of cattle and sheep ranchers, hunters and bounty seekers. They and their predecessors have been largely responsible for the decline of the wild horse population from 8 million in 1800 to a present low of between 10,000 and 45,000. Exactly how many are left is unknown because counting techniques are imprecise.

Some stockmen graze herds on the public domain, for which they pay a minimal fee to the federal government. These men begrudge every blade of grass nibbled by the mustangs because it leaves that much less for their cattle and sheep, and they say the proliferation of wild horses could "create a serious economic hardship for meat consumers . . . by causing a major rise in meat prices." There are big-game hunters who want to replace mustangs with trophy animals, such as bighorn sheep. And there are other hunters who receive a bounty for shooting wild horses. They are motivated by money.

While these formidable foes wage combat on the open range with deadly weapons and behind doors with considerable lobbying power, Wild Horse Annie has challenged them armed with little more than what her husband called "the special kind of courage that comes from fear." One of her rebuttals to the livestock industry is that talk of increased prices is a "gross exaggeration. On a nationwide basis, only 1¢ of food cattle and 6¢ of food sheep are grazed on public lands." She has also developed a revolutionary philosophy concerning use of the public domain, arguing that ranchers have no right to their long-uncontested belief that livestock is entitled to "dominant use" of public lands. It is Annie's contention that this land "belongs to all Americans, to you and to me."

As for hunters, she feels they have enough game to shoot. And the mere thought of bounty seekers sends shivers

through Annie, who realizes that the 25 years she has spent opposing them has resulted in state and federal laws that are only halfheartedly enforced. Despite what she has felt was overwhelming evidence in a number of cases, no one has ever been found guilty of violating a horse-protection law.

For the past two years Wild Horse Annie has been involved in a case concerning a six-week roundup of horses in the rugged Lemhi Mountains near Howe, Idaho. In all, 53 horses were driven by men on horseback and aboard snowmobiles and a helicopter. As they were being driven to a corral, seven suffered grotesque deaths. Annie found out about the incident from an informant who phoned her from Idaho.

The Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service investigated and stat-

ed there was ample evidence to proceed with a case study. Still, the Justice Department did not prosecute because of "insufficient evidence." That might have been the end of it, except for Annie.

Working in concert with undercover agents and cohorts, she got enough photographs and testimony to have the case reopened. To a large extent the destiny of the wild horses hinges on the outcome of this case, for if a conviction is not obtained it would, as Annie puts it, "mean that rustlers will be able to get away with just about anything."

Among the facts gleaned were that some horses died or were killed en route to the corral. Trapped on a narrow ledge, some of them plummeted over the cliff to their death. Rustlers slit the throats of others and used a chain saw to cut off the legs of those whose feet had become





wedged between rocks. Other horses had wires driven through their nostrils to restrict their breathing so they could not escape. The 34 survivors were shipped to a meat-processing plant, where they would have been slaughtered had an injunction not been obtained by government officials alerted by Annie. One of the men who participated in the roundup gave a detailed diary of the roundup to a WHOA! agent. When first confronted, the man had acknowledged in a taped interview a great "respect for the horses, who fought so long and hard in the dead of winter for their freedom against numbers and odds they didn't have a chance to beat." Later, fearing his co-workers might kill him if they found out what he had done, he asked to have the tape returned. It was.

North America was the birthplace of the horse eons ago, but by the time of Columbus horses had long vanished. Cortes brought horses to Mexico in 1519; later Conquistadores brought many more. Most of those horses escaped into the wilderness. And therein lies much of the difficulty surrounding the salvation of wild horses. Because of their ancestry they are not recognized as "wildlife," the way fish, birds and deer are. Instead, they are labeled "feral," meaning they are a domestic species gone wild. Animals in the wildlife category are protected by numerous federal and state

Velva Johnston's affection for mustangs is reflected even in her choice of a car.

laws, but feral creatures have been exiled to a limbo, depriving them of similar safeguards.

Wild horse herds in America grew to enormous size. In 1846, Ulysses S. Grant, then a lieutenant, wrote, "As far as our eye could reach, the herd extended." They were a polychromatic wonder—roans and chestnuts, blacks and whites, bays and blue grullos.

Not everyone appreciated their beauty. In *The Wild Horse of the West*, Walker D. Wyman recorded that in the 19th century "thousands of wild horses were driven off the Santa Barbara cliffs into the sea or boxed up in corrals to die." He also wrote about a processing plant in Portland, Ore. where "between 1926 and 1933 . . . over 375,000 animals were processed." Many commercial uses were found for the horses: soap, glue, fertilizer, shoes, coats, mattresses and food for humans, primarily Europeans.

In *America's Last Wild Horses* Hope Ryden wrote that in 1929, when the Crows refused to allow the Schneider Sheep Company to remove the Indians' horses so its flocks could graze on their pastures, the company "hired airplanes and pickup trucks and in one day shot every horse on the range."

Mustangers, whether stockmen or not, conveniently decided that public land and the wild horses on it belonged to them. One Nevadan, Chug Uiter, boasts that he brought in some 40,000 mustangs. He didn't have to worry about being arrested because in those days the absence

of wild horse protection laws enabled him to freely exercise his belief about horses: "There's only one end to being a horse, whether he's a champion or a plug—dog food."

Some of the most remarkable documentation concerning roundups was obtained by Dr. Roger L. Slocum of Los Osos, Calif., who taped conversations with mustangers. On one of his tapes Frank Robbins of Glenrock, Wyo. tells of capturing wild horses for 27 years and of how the use of a plane enabled him to corral so many horses that "we couldn't get enough trucks. We could only ship 50 head a day. Eleven years we worked on the Red Desert, which is about 150 miles by 150 miles. We pretty well cleaned out the area except for a few. Then they outlawed the plane for roundups and since then the horses have had it easier. I'm kind of glad, because if they hadn't there wouldn't be a one left."

Another mustanger named Miller Anderson said, "We made pretty good wages. Probably as much as some of them guys aworkin'. Them horses bring us \$12, \$13 apiece and we probably averaged four, five horses a day. We'd rope them and tie three of their feet together. We'd just leave the horses lying there and along toward evening we'd have to back-track and pick 'em up and take 'em back to the corral."

After 2,500 horses had been rounded up, the mustangers drove them to their final destination. Anderson described the scene like this: "About noon they got all strung out to a single file and I guess they was strung out for about five miles, I'd say. I rode off to the side . . . up on a little knoll there and watched 'em for 15 to 20 minutes. . . . It was quite a sight. I thought, 'No man will probably ever see the likes of this again.'"

Dr. Slocum got permission from some mustangers to attend a roundup in Oregon a few years ago. The shock of what he saw still lingers. He arrived at the corral an hour after a plane had crashed, killing the pilot and the man riding shotgun. That left six men to conduct the roundup. One was the brother of the dead shotgun-welder. Dr. Slocum could not comprehend how this man could go on with the roundup. So he asked him and was told, "Now we need the money more than ever."

Always, though, there have been men whose love for horses and respect for life would not permit them to indulge in such

continued

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Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

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WILD HORSE ANNIE continued

slaughter, men who spurned ranchers' offers for sets of wild horse ears! 52 a century ago, more in recent times.

One such man was Will James, a cowboy-writer who took part in roundups until conscience conquered bankroll. James wrote, "They [the mustangs] belonged not to man but to the country of jumpers and sages, of deep arroyos, mesas, and freedom."

Although James and others recanted, it became clear that if the wild horse was to be saved it would take more than contrite men, it would take men of action—or a woman of action.

Although apparently ill-cast for her role as protector of the wild horses, Annie seems almost to have been divinely destined for the part. In 1884 her grandparents and their newborn son began an arduous trek by wagon from Lone, Nev. to Grass Valley, Calif. From the outset the desert sands were deep, the winds fierce, the food and finances perilously low. Starvation threatened the infant. So Grandpa Brown shot a foal, took the milk from its wild mustang mother and spooned it to his son.

Annie's father used horses to lug goods across the mountains, barely eking out a living. As for Annie, she was an uncommonly happy youngster who delighted in romping through the outdoors and playing with the family horses. But when she was five she contracted polio and was treated at a San Francisco hospital.

"They put me in a cast that went from my waist over the entire upper half of my body and over the top of my head," she recalls. "When they took it off and I looked in the mirror..." Even now she flinches at the memory, placing fingertips gently across her mouth. What the mirror showed her was a face disfigured: the cast had distorted her head so that she had almost no chin; the ligaments, tendons and muscles were severely pulled to the right, locking her right eye a full inch above her left. After staring into the mirror, Annie broke into tears.

All she had left were her family and home, and soon she learned both had been altered during her absence. Her brother had died of polio. Her father's Mustang Express had become so unprofitable that he abandoned it, moved to Wadsworth, Nev. and settled at a place he called the Lazy Heart Ranch.

Shame haunted Annie's teen-age years. Children taunted her. She recoiled, hiding from the world and its gibes. But,

finding that avoiding people provided little solace, she decided to seek their company.

"I had to face people," she says. "When I'd see kids I'd ask, 'What're you playing? That looks like fun.' They'd let me join in. I know my face is not pretty, but now when people stare at me I know they can't help it and I smile at them. And, you know, they smile back."

"Why Charlie married me I'll never know. He could have had his pick of women. Charlie was big—6'4" and 225 pounds in his prime—and he looked so much like John Wayne. I've always remembered my first dinner date with him: a can of coffee, pork chops, and corn and chestnuts roasted in the coals of our outdoor fire.

"During the war Charlie worked in a magnesium mine in Gabbs, Nevada. Because I had no children I was given a special job my first night in Gabbs. I had to sit with the body of a man who had been shot to death. Gabbs was quite a town. We lived in a little shack—outhouse in back, no running water. The local bar was the Bucket of Blood. When the mine gave out, Charlie took over the tavern, and I was occasionally a barmaid and blackjack dealer.

"In 1945 we bought my parents' ranch and renamed it the Double Lazy Heart. On weekends we had lots of children at our ranch and we taught them how to ride and how to live in the outdoors. It was a beautiful life."

Annie's beautiful life was unalterably changed one morning in 1950. While driving to Reno, where she was working as a secretary, she saw a truck laden with what she thought were cattle. When she got closer, however, Annie was horrified to find it was crammed full of wild horses. "They were injured and bleeding, and the only thing keeping some of them from falling down was that they were pucked in so tightly," she recalls. "One horse's eyes had been shot out."

Annie followed the truck for miles. Finally it stopped at a building with a sign reading RENDERING PLANT. There the horses were dragged from the truck to be processed into pet food and fertilizer. That was the day Annie decided that she would not rest until she had done everything possible to stop such atrocities.

Soon she learned that wild horse roundups were little short of mechanized warfare. Rustlers used planes to scout herds and then, by flying at almost sage-

brush level, stampeded the horses as a man aboard the plane fired shotgun volleys to keep the mustangs headed toward a corral.

Then men stood on flatbed trucks and lassoed horses chased down by the vehicles. They used no ordinary lariats. Attached to each rope was a huge truck tire, and when a galloping horse hit the end of the rope, the results were sometimes horrifying.

Charlie and Annie photographed such roundups and almost got themselves early tombstones. Vacations were spent writing letters to state and federal legislators, governors and assorted Washington officials to alert them to the perils facing the wild horses and to the need for protective laws. The Johnston kitchen was their headquarters. There Annie typed letters and Charlie folded, stuffed, licked and pasted. It did not take long for them to realize they were a small voice in a canyon of indifference.

Early on, the Johnstons helped get a law passed against the use of aircraft and mechanized vehicles in roundups in their home county of Storey. Elation over the enactment of the law was short-lived, rustlers simply shifted their efforts to other counties. Ranchers were crafty ingliners, and both they and their lobbyists were adept at guerrilla politics, the back-room, cloak-closet persuasiveness that swayed lawmakers and, possibly, judges.

Next a Nevada law made it illegal statewide to use airborne and mechanized vehicles in roundups. But what was needed most, Annie knew, was a federal law. With the aid of Congressman Walter Baring of Nevada, with whom she had gone to school, Annie got a bill introduced in 1958. It died in committee.

Worse yet, Charlie had a bad case of emphysema. So the Johnstons sold their ranch and moved to Reno. It was at this juncture that Charlie and Annie realized they had overlooked an untapped well-spring. "The children," Annie says. "The children. They were the ones who would have to help us." So the Johnstons sent letters to grade schools across the country, outlining the plight of the wild horses and telling youngsters they could help by writing to Congressmen.

The first fruits of this campaign came when some children brought a petition to Congressman James C. Wright at his home in Fort Worth. In part, it read: "Imagine . . . making DOG FOOD out of horses. . . . We feed the birds . . .

the squirrels and the chipmunks . . . to SAVE them! Let's see what we can do about saving the beautiful wild HORSES!!!!!!"

That night Wright dictated the following to his constituents: "Am I going to be susceptible to pressure? Am I going to be influenced by a bunch of children? Am I going to support [Baring's revived] bill because kids . . . are sentimental about the wild horses? You bet your cowboy boots I am!"

And so it went across the country. Urged on by letters from Annie insisting they had a right to be heard and that our democratic system provided the framework for reform, boys and girls from coast to coast joined the crusade and sent money to Annie. One Ottumwa, Iowa class forsook ice cream at its annual picnic and sent the funds to her. Thus endowed, Charlie pasted more stamps on more letters.

In 1959, when Annie appeared before a House committee to testify on behalf of the bill, she gave its members detailed 32-page booklets she had filled with facts, figures and her credos. At the end of her presentation she was asked why, since Nevada had banned mechanized roundups in 1955, there was a need for a federal law.

"For two reasons," Annie began. "First, it is impossible to enforce our state law because it applies only to private land, and most of Nevada is public domain. But an even bigger reason is that the mustang doesn't belong just to Nevada. He is a symbol of freedom for all. He is our American heritage, as meaningful to us as the battlefield at Yorktown or the white church at Lexington. Even more so, because he is a living symbol."

The next few moments were unique in congressional history. As a tribute to her, all the committeemen rose. So, too, did the reporters in the room. In the hush that followed, Baring whispered to Annie, "Curtain speech."

Annie, who felt she had already exhausted all "the special kind of courage that comes from fear" by addressing the committee, searched for words. What she wanted to say seemed too melodramatic. Finally, though, she uttered the words: "We—we the people—have won."

Baring's bill was passed and on Sept. 8, 1959 was signed by President Eisenhower. Annie, Charlie, the children and their co-workers—the people—had won.

Annie's joy in victory was diminished

continued

by Charlie's illness. For a year he owed his survival to oxygen tanks. One day in 1964, Annie knew he was dying.

"I wrapped my arms around Charlie and held him one last time," she says. "Then I went down the hall and told the nurses. 'I just helped Charlie over the last hurdle.'"

The primary function of the 1959 bill, which became known as the Wild Horse Annie Law, was to prohibit the use of aircraft and mechanized vehicles in rounding up mustangs. Knowing there was need for more federal legislation, Annie got busy, and her young allies waged another pencil war. Youngsters also held fund-raising drives: bake sales, car washes, sales of bumper stickers and buttons with Save-the-Mustang slogans.

One pencil wielder was Greg Gude, son of Maryland Congressman Gilbert Gude. Greg joined the cause in 1969 after reading *Mustang: Wild Spirit of the West*, a well-written children's biography of Annie by Marguerite Henry. Greg, 11 at the time, lobbied at home. When the 92nd Congress convened in 1971, Gilbert Gude introduced a bill calling for further protection for the mustangs and, for the first time, management and control of herds.

During her testimony before Congress in 1971, Annie told of the difficulty of enforcing the 1959 law. She cited a trial in Nevada in which "defendants readily admitted the use of [an] airplane and did not deny the use of a gun" during a roundup. Annie added that although the defendants claimed they were merely gathering their own branded horses, a county sheriff and a deputy brand inspector who saw the capture "swore under oath they were wild, unbranded. . . . The jury disregarded the sworn testimony . . . and brought in a verdict of not guilty."

Annie also told of a 1968 episode in Lander County, Nev., during which 725 horses were transported out of state to a rendering plant owned and operated by members of the family on whose ranch the roundup was conducted. Of those horses 469 were unbranded, yet no charges were brought.

Annie said, "It is our position that the wild horses and burros are part of our national heritage, belonging to all the people of America, inhabiting the public domain that also belongs to all the people of America, and their welfare should become the responsibility of an

agency that represents all the people of America, by an Act of Congress that represents all the people of America."

Public Law 92-195, signed on Dec. 15, 1971, begins:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That: Congress finds and declares that wild free-roaming horses and burros are living symbols of the historic and pioneer spirit of the West; that they contribute to the diversity of life forms within the Nation and enrich the lives of the American people; and that these horses and burros are fast disappearing from the American scene. It is the policy of Congress that wild free-roaming horses and burros shall be protected from capture, branding, harassment, or death. . . .

This law defines all unbranded and unclaimed horses and burros on public lands as "wild and free-roaming" and makes the Secretaries of Agriculture and Interior responsible for their management and protection. Violators are subject to a \$2,000 fine and/or a year in prison. Laws, though, do not remove men's hatred. A letter to the editor of the *Nevada State Journal* said, "I predict Wild Horse Annie will be called Dead Horse Annie in a very few short years."

In the Aug. 24, 1972 issue of the *Poche Record* there appeared a letter signed and paid for by the Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln County, Nev. It was entitled *The Vanity of Protecting Wild Horses* and, in part, read, "Be It Resolved that the Congress . . . repeal . . . Public Law 92-195 for the reasons that:

- (1) The wild horse is not a symbol of the pioneer spirit of the West.
- (2) The wild horses do not contribute to the diversity of life forms of this nation.
- (3) The wild horse does not enrich the lives of the American people."

In the same issue was a letter from three men stating, "There were a few individuals that were somewhat 'wild' in deportment, but the pioneer is not characterized by a spirit of wildness and adventure. The pioneer came West to improve his economic status—the commendable and major ambition of civilized man. . . . Feed that now produces a significant portion of our beef and mut-

ton supply and supports useful wildlife is wasted on animals that are of no value aesthetically or otherwise."

John A. Chugg, supervisor of Utah brand inspectors, has been quoted as saying, "Which is more important, to allow herds of wild, useless mustangs to deplete the mountain plains and rangeland . . . or to intelligently manage the grasslands so that food—beef and mutton—can be produced for the survival of mankind? The law that was pushed through Congress by busybody women's clubs and elementary schoolchildren is ridiculous, unrealistic and dangerous to our environment and economy."

Not long ago, Wild Horse Annie received an envelope containing a large yellow poster of a coiled snake, beneath which was this warning:

DON'T TREAD ON ME


THE VIGILANT COMMITTEE of 10,000

A story about this vigilante committee in the *Rexburg* (Idaho) *Journal* was based on an interview with an unidentified member of this dues-paying group made up then of 3,500 members from Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada. Said the spokesman: "I wouldn't want to be on the outs with these boys . . . they're tough people. . . . I want to tell you, they get it together." He also mentioned the possibility of "an Old West shootout" and that, if need be, committee members would protect their farms and ranches "over some dead bodies."

Laboring in such a hostile atmosphere all these years has been exhausting for Annie, who at times has said, "I guess the best thing that could happen would be if one of those men killed me." Attaining martyrdom might help convince lawmakers that their efforts are needed and might focus widespread public attention on the needs of the mustangs. Annie, however, has no intentions of seeking such an early demise.

With a chuckle she recalls, "One night years ago a man peeped in the kitchen window. I got my gun, went to the window and when he saw it he took off so fast you could have played checkers on his coattail. Another time the doorknob rang at about two in the morning. Mom [Annie's 80-year-old mother] and I got up. We were terrified. I had my gun. We decided to jerk the door open to find out who was there. All we found was a notice on the doorknob that a special delivery letter was in the mailbox. There was snow on the ground and it was cold

continued



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The Chateau Club Wagon pictured here features a color-keyed interior with optional Captain's Chairs, smart and serviceable cloth and vinyl upholstery and cut pile carpeting throughout, optional sidewall mounted auxiliary heater/air conditioner, woodgrain accents on instrument panel and doors.

For '75, Ford redesigns the Club Wagon.

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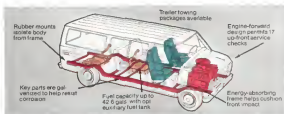
Club wagon power is also improved, with a 300 cu. in. Six standard, 351 and 460 V-8's available. Front power discs are standard.

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- a new sidewall mounted heater/air conditioner with adjustable side vents.
- AM/FM stereo radio with tape player.

For the redesigned '75 Club Wagon with seating for 5, 8 or 12, see your Ford Dealer.

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The 1975 Ford Club Wagon is a solid, well-built wagon engineered for value. Has deep dip electrocoat primer and galvanizing to help prevent corrosion. A fine family investment.



as Billy be damned, but Mom said, "If you'll cover me, I'll get it." So she got the letter and that's all there was to that."

There is an endearing Auntie Mame quality about Annie, who gleefully tells of going on exhausting field trips to study wild horses, tramping over mountains and across fields from 6 a.m. until 9 p.m. "I found that hair spray and a tight girdle held me together," she says. "When one of the men fainted on one trip I said, 'I guess I should have brought my bourbon from the room.' Everybody's eyes popped when I said that, and that night we all finished off my bourbon. Earlier I had been treated like Typhoid Mary, but thereafter I was one of the gang."

Annie drives—what else?—a Mustang, keeps an immaculate house and recently retired after 27 years as secretary to Gordon Harris, a Reno realtor. Harris' friendly interest and compassion enabled her to tend to wild horse matters whenever necessary. Annie founded WHOA! four years ago at the insistence of friends

who knew of her need for funds to continue her crusade. "I guess it was pride that kept me from listening to them sooner," she says. "The response has been excellent. Some people have even named WHOA! in their wills. But there's so much work to do and I'm weary and running out of time."

Annie is not fighting alone. Others who have helped are Hope Ryden, who in 1968 produced a superb documentary on the wild horses for ABC-TV and has written three books on the subject, Al Kania, founder of FOAL—Feral Organized Assistance League, Cleveland Amory of the Fund for Animals; Dr. Michael Pontrelli of Reno; Belton P. Moutas, Animal Protection Institute of America; Actresses Amanda Blake and Janet Leigh, and legions of adults and children.

Annie has been instrumental in establishing wild horse ranges at Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada and in the Pryor Mountains along the Wyoming-Montana border. In 1964 the Bureau of Land

Management rounded up and planned to auction off 200 wild horses, but were forestalled by angry citizens, primarily from Lovell, Wyo. BLM officials were caught lying about a corral they said had not been built at taxpayers' expense and about a range survey critical of the horses, which had not been made. In 1968, Stewart Udall, then Secretary of Interior, upset by the embarrassment the BLM had caused his department, designated part of the Pryors as a wild horse refuge.

Members of the Rod and Gun Club met in Billings, Mont. and complained. "Our harvest of game animals has fallen off and we want the horses out of there," their spokeswoman, Bonnie Seark, said. But those who had championed the mustangs prevailed and the Pryor range has remained a haven for the beleaguered horses.

"When the state of Montana insisted it owned the wild horses on its side of the Pryors, I knew that was wrong because I had been at the meeting where determi-

continued

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TIME's issue of July 4, 1776

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WILD HORSE ANNIE continued

nation had been made," Annie says. "When the directors who supervise the range met again we straightened out the record to indicate that it had been decided the wild horses of the Pryors belong to the people of the United States. I have also objected to the fact that the boards that advise the BLM are comprised almost exclusively of cattle operators."

On March 3, 1974, the *Los Angeles Times* carried a story headlined **LAW BACKFIRES—NOW WILD HORSE POPULATION EXPLODING**. Annie denounced this as a "propaganda campaign," found the BLM official who gave the story to the *Times* and got him to admit, "I made the statement and it was wrong." And shortly after the roundup in Idaho's Lemhi Mountains, Associate BLM Director George L. Turetti conceded that someone in his organization had violated rules by authorizing the roundup.

Late in 1974, two men revealed they had planned to kill Annie. "One said he had a good chance to shoot me a couple years ago and regretted that he had not done so," Annie says. "And a mountain lion bounty hunter commented that he had intended to kill me 'but there were too many people around.'"

However, two months ago Annie suffered one of her most severe setbacks when a three-judge federal panel in New Mexico ruled that the 1971 law was unconstitutional. This decision was a result of a suit filed by the State of New Mexico and the State Livestock Board and meant that protection of the horses and burros reverted to the states. It also meant permits could be issued to hunt wild horses, either to kill them or round them up for sale to rendering plants, which now pay up to 25¢ a pound.

A cattle rancher in Nevada immediately began hiring men to shoot 800 horses in his region. Before he could implement his plan, though, a stay of judgment was obtained and an appeal was filed with the Supreme Court. The Court will hear the appeal next year, until which time the 1971 law will remain in force.

"I think the cattlemen overplayed their hand this time," Annie says. "Two men risked professional reprisals and possibly their lives to help us to stop the panel's ruling. But I'm afraid that there will be bloodshed over this matter and that it won't be only the horses' blood."

As Annie said recently, "Often I want to lash out, but I can't because I must not lose my power to reason. Even my

continued

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WILD HORSE ANNIE *continued*

detractors say I'm cold-bloodedly logical rather than emotional. I have never referred to the wild horses as beautiful, noble creatures, because they are neither. Today's wild horse is not the glamorous mustang of long ago. He is, for the most part, underfed, scrubby and inbred."

Why then all the effort to save the wild horses? Surely, Americans can survive without them and surely there are more important issues. That is true. It is also true that man can live without music, without colors or soft breezes, without friendships or embraces or kindnesses. Each "without," though, is precisely that: something our lives must do without. Removing the wild horses from America would simply remove a portion of America by allowing men of preferred rank and power to manipulate nature.

There is a serenity about Annie. It communicates rare sincerity and reveals beyond doubt that she is not a phony out for notoriety, that she is genuine in her devotion to helping the mustangs, at the expense of her money, her time and even her skin. "I've become allergic to horses," she admits. "Now I break out in hives when I'm around them."

Annie has been honored by local, state and federal groups, has had poems and a song written about her and has attended Wild Horse Annie Days at elementary schools. "I get goosey wobbles whenever a young girl puts her arms around me and says, 'Annie, I want to grow up to be just like you,'" she says.

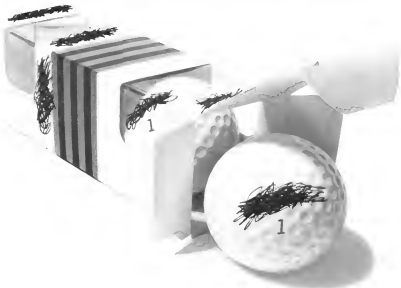
One youngster wrote her, "I believe in meracles because I am writing to one right now. And out of all the meracles that have occurred, you are the very best, ever." Another letter ended: "A man learns early to be ashamed of tears but I am not ashamed of mine now; I'm very proud of you, Wild Horse Annie. And I know you belong to America."

A plaque at the Eastwood Elementary School in Roseburg, Ore. is inscribed: "Your example of courage and determination offers an inspiration to all Americans to work within the framework of our government to accomplish those goals which we, the people, feel are just and good."

Says Annie, "My theme song has been *The Impossible Dream*. I've been told so often that saving the wild horses is impossible. People keep asking how I can hang on to this dream and I tell them, 'I don't think the children would like it if I quit now.'"

END

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JACK'S FIFTH

Sir:

My golf cap is off to Dan Jenkins for a beautiful story on the Masters (*You're All Right, Jack*, April 21). He came up with a great angle and a strong ending, but about that movie he and Manny are working on, I wouldn't call Jack Nicklaus winning at Augusta an original plot. It is already in the rerun files of the Late Show.

Oh, yes, is Nicklaus really color blind, or does he "suffer" from chloropia, which results in the victim seeing only one color—green?

RUSSELL RAWLINGS

Wilson, N.C.

Sir:

That was one of your best golf stories in a good long while. Jenkins reveals all the pressure, hardship and glory involved in winning the Masters. As he says, "Nothing has ever equaled what happened when Nicklaus bagged his fifth Masters." He describes the entire event wonderfully and does a great job of telling his readers that Jack Nicklaus is indeed No. 1. You're all right, Dan.

MILES KIRSNER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Having watched the Masters tournament, I was particularly interested in your excellent article, which vividly described the drama of the final round. But I noticed a seeming discrepancy. The statement was made that it is possible for the entire field to make the cut, "for the rules state that anyone within 10 strokes of the leader [after 36 holes] is eligible to hang around Saturday and Sunday." But you also state that Johnny Miller, at 146, was 11 strokes behind Nicklaus. Did the tournament committee bend the rules to keep Miller in?

SIDNEY V. JOHNSON

Bethpage, N.Y.

• Not at all. The rule states, "At the end of 36 holes of play, the field will be reduced to the 44 lowest scorers, plus those tied for 44th place, as well as any other players whose total for the two rounds shall not exceed by more than ten strokes the lowest total returned for these two rounds." This year's cut fell at 148.—ED.

Sir:

Your article on the Masters, Jack's win and Johnny's string of six straight birdies was

very interesting. To give a little more due credit, I would like to mention the finish of Ralph Johnston on Saturday. Ralph had birdies on the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th holes, a par on the 16th and birdies on the 17th and 18th. Six birdies on the final seven holes at Augusta is pretty fair golf.

LEO G. BECKMANN

18th Green Announcer

Savannah

Sir:

Really! Three columns on Johnny Miller's 65 at Augusta, and only a few words about Hale Irwin's course-record 64. Irwin finished fourth at the Masters for the second year in a row. That might have been worth noting.

CANDACE NORTON

Shaker Heights, Ohio

OPENERS

Sir:

Larry Keith's article on Henry Aaron (*Back Where He Belongs*, April 17) proves that heroes are not dead. Aaron has meant very much to baseball. The turnout of 48,160 fans at County Stadium acknowledged his contribution to the game and also paid tribute to him as a person.

TOM P. MALKUS

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

The addition of Henry Aaron to an exciting young Milwaukee Brewer team is a dream come true for a whole lot of Wisconsin baseball fans. It's great to have Aaron back. And it is even sweeter to think that it was Bill Bartholomew and the Atlanta Braves from whom he was secured.

GARY E. BEERSTATT

Waukesha, Wis.

ANTIBLACKOUT LAW

Sir:

I was interested in the prediction attributed to me in connection with the Sports Antiblackout Law in SCORECARD ("Reader's Experiment," April 21) both as a reader of your magazine and as the author of that law.

While I feel that the adverse impact of the law on professional sports continues to be minimal, I have at no time predicted that Congress will make the legislation permanent. Such a determination can be made only after full hearings and after considering testimony from all parties concerned (making it now would show what could be construed as a closed mind).

As for the point you made about Congress not waiting for the third year of the experiment before making up its mind as to the extension of the law, we already know what the revenue will be to the NFL from its network television package for the coming season. And by the time our subcommittee holds its hearings, the league should have supplied us with information on season-ticket sales for this year. Thus, we will have the essentials before us, although the NFL will still be making noises about the no-shows who have already paid an average of \$12 for their tickets.

TOMBERT H. MACDONALD

Chairman

Subcommittee on Communications
U.S. House of Representatives

Washington, D.C.

WOMEN AT THE MINE

Sir:

Re the article *Getting into the Picture* (April 21), many of the female sports commentators interviewed seemed to have chosen the opportunity to rise to the defense of Jane Chastain's inept performance during a nationally televised football game on CBS. Let's face it, girls, in this instance she bombed out. Personally, I think she should stay out of sportscasting for good. Granted, there are a lot of male commentators who are better qualified to be butchers, but in Ms. Chastain's case, I've heard other female sportscasters whose talents far surpass hers. It's like having Howard Cosell doing the color for a fashion show.

STEVE G. HARABIS

Baltimore

Sir:

Having endured the arrogance and boorishness of Howard Cosell, the babbling banalities of Curt Gowdy, the mealy-mouthed mumbings of Chris Schenkel and the phony pedantry of Tony Kubek and Al DeRogatis for the past decade, I think just about anyone would be an improvement. And that includes almost any female commentator, whether she be Jeanne Morris, Jane Chastain, Bella Abruzzo or Katharine Hepburn. How could they possibly be more inept than what the networks have been forcing on us?

WILLIAM E. CARSLY

Chicago

Sir:

I'm one of those rarities you talked about, a woman sports commentator, for WYOC AM-FM radio in Westchester County, N.Y.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

I have only once experienced any of the problems the women in your story describe. On the contrary, my daily sports show has almost an all-male audience.

I've reported on everything from football to bocce, interviewed such diverse sports personalities as Rocky Graziano and equestrienne actress Jennifer O'Neill. Recently I talked with Ron Swoboda, who remarked that women should avoid football commentary because they haven't played the game. What I didn't tell Ron was that in second grade I was the star linebacker for my Searsville, N.Y. grammar school. But then, Ron's game is baseball, so what does he know about a post pattern?

JUDY FREEMONT
Creative Director, Sports
WYON

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir,

True, there are mere male announcers, but women sportscasters who laud "Pete Maravich" or, worse, analyze a la Jane Chastain are still the rule rather than the exception. Until this situation is reversed, you'll find me watching the lovely Lu Bishop with the sound off and the local radio sportscast on.

RICHARD C. WEINBERG

Pittsfield, Mass.

Sir,

Women sportscasters are on a long, tough road to total acceptance, and these courageous women represent their league well.

JEREMY L. PEACE

Dayton, Ohio

Sir,

Why did it take women so long to get into broadcasting?

WHITEY MARTENS

Ridgewood, N.Y.

ONE FOR SONNY

Sir,

Regarding Cery Kirkpatrick's piece on women sportscasters, his put-down of Sonny Hill demonstrates the myopia he shares with the CBS Sports executives who gave us Elgin Baylor and Oscar Robertson. Sonny Hill is not a famous ex-jock. He is merely knowledgeable, fairly eloquent and familiar with the term "original statement." He does not break into an operatic solo (a la Oscar) after every shuffling basket, parrot the play-by-play man or knock the refs left and right. In short, he is a sports analyst, not a fan with a mike.

MAVIN AMES

Boca Raton, Fla.

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